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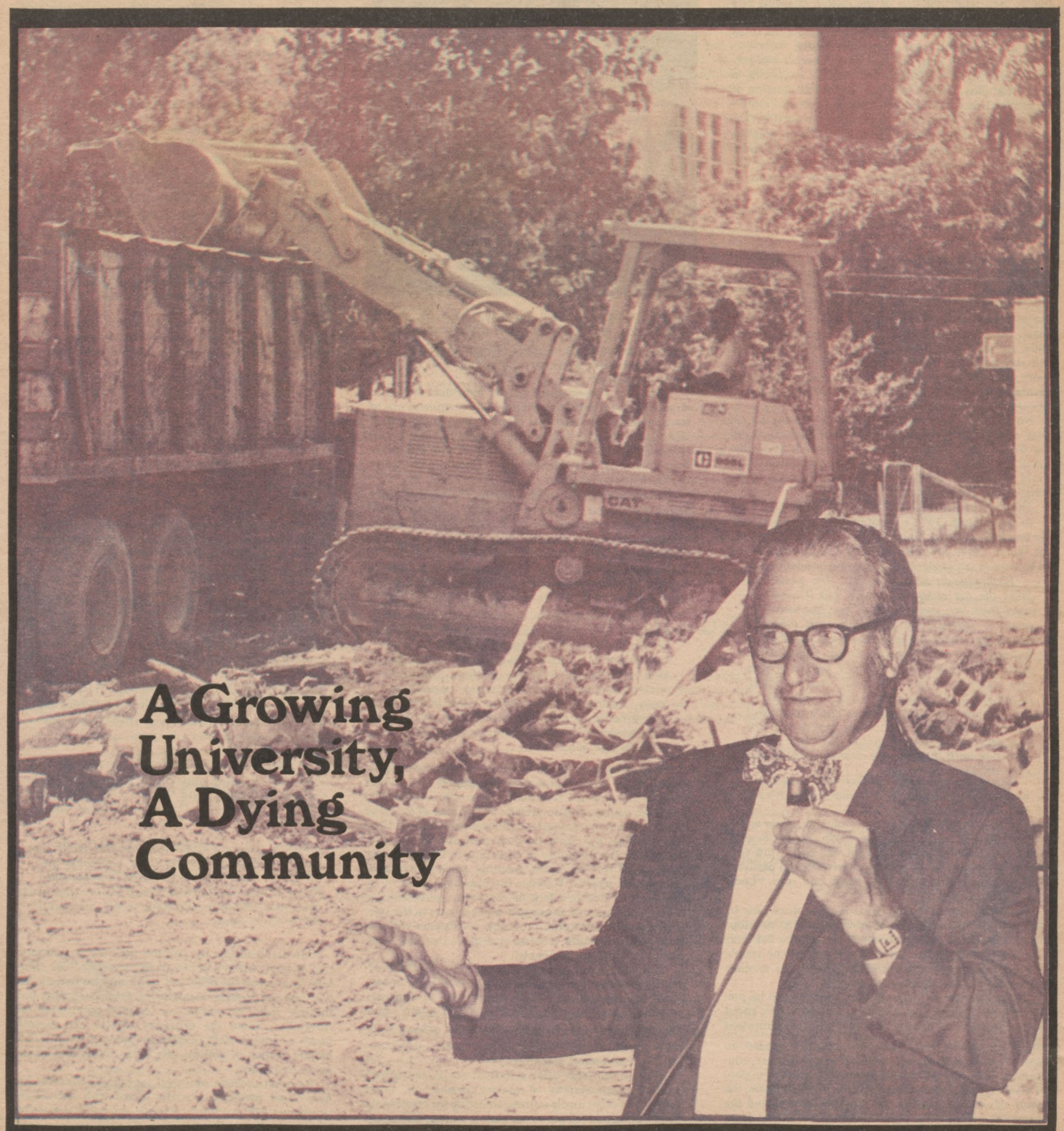

A Growing University, A Dying Community

Letter from the Editors

You May Have Missed It In Your Daily Paper. . .

But South Carolina is reeling from the convulsions of rapid transition from the Old to the New Improved South. And while the face of the state is changing at a bewildering rate, the state's news media continue to deal with the news in much the same way they did ten to 20 years ago. Sluggishly, and often superficially.

Beginning with this, our first issue, *Osceola* will provide -- each week -- a fresh look at what's happening in South Carolina. *Osceola* will provide an examination of important issues, political activities and current events -- tempered with hardnosed investigative reporting. Designed in a tabloid format, with emphasis on graphics and photojournalism, *Osceola* will also give serious coverage to the Arts and examine some of the quirks of our new civilization which are often missed by our more reserved counterpoints in the established press.

We hope you are one of those South Carolinians anxious to discover a new media voice.

As the state emerges as a leader of the modern South, the problems and promises of the free enterprise system warmly grasp the state's collective hand even as they clutch the collective throat. South Carolina's metropolitan and resort areas witness unprecedented land development, the governmental bureaucracy expands geometrically, the state budget grows by leaps and bounds, new industry bulldozes its way through a precarious environment, more and more special interest groups clamor for favorable legislation, while the state's personal lobbyist prowls the corridors of Washington.

No longer a backward Southern state living on the edge of the Twentieth Century, we find ourselves hurtling forward into Progress at blinding speeds which demand immediate, intelligent, and informed decisions to avoid disastrous collisions with the best interests of the state's three million citizens.

The days of magnolia and Spanish moss quickly pass.

In the Summer 1972 issue of *Cities* magazine, an article appeared entitled 'Columbia, S.C. -- A Southern Center Where There Still May Be Time.' At the conclusion of the article, an unidentified Columbia resident notes:

'[Columbia's] headed toward the same mistakes the big cities have made, but it hasn't arrived there yet, and it still has time. But there's no sense of urgency. We do a little and then feel proud, put out a fire and then relax. The style is low-key, casual, deliberate, subtle, polite, courteous, and passive. The aristocracy, the ruling class, says 'Look how far we've come,' but not many people say 'Look what we're doing to ourselves.'

There are too many vested interests to control where we're headed, so nobody pushes, and the long-range problems and needs don't get serious attention until they become clear and present dangers, and then it's too late.

This could be a great city -- I hope someday it is -- but it's not now, and in many ways it's not even headed in that direction.'

Though directed specifically at Columbia, these words seem applicable to the state as a whole. An apt description of the General Assembly might well be ". . .low-key, casual, deliberate, subtle, polite, courteous, and passive." And how many times have we heard and read, "Look how far we've come."

But where are we going? What is being done now to deal with the unique problems growing daily as 'development' engulfs the Piedmont, the Midlands, the Pee Dee, the Low Country? Are the future needs of the state's citizens receiving enough attention, or is this another gold rush for quick profits and little else?

If the quality of life in South Carolina is to be preserved and enhanced, something must be done now about the destruction of natural resources and the permanent alteration of the land. Immediate action is needed on issues such as mass transit, health care and services, educational financing, consumer protection, city and regional planning, nuclear waste, monolithic public utilities, the rights of working people and minority groups--and the increasing potential for political corruption and mismanagement which inevitably follows in the wake of complex and sensitive issues. Yet our legislature has dawdled

through another session discussing beer franchising, Jane Fonda, and X-rated movies, while proposals concerning the tidelands, nuclear energy safeguards, proper gun control, consumer protection and women's rights languished.

Obviously, the potential of the individual citizen to cope with these problems is limited by considerations of time, money and individual interest. Even more importantly, the ability of the average citizen to form knowledgeable opinions and support action to deal with problems is directly proportional to the amount and quality of information available.

In Louisiana in the 1930's, during the reign of Huey Long, the noted Southern journalist Hodding Carter began a weekly newspaper which stood alone in its opposition of Long's dictatorial regime. Carter went on to establish one of the South's most progressive papers in Mississippi. Looking back on his experiences during a series of lectures at Mercer University, Carter had this to say about the daily presses of the modern South:

"Today, after nearly a century of change, the Southern metropolitan newspaper is greatly unlike its predecessors, for the daily newspaper almost everywhere now speaks with the voice of big business. The change is nearly absolute. Almost no matter where the American newspaper is published today, fewer independent dailies, either in thought or expression or personality, remain in our land. They are assembly-line productions, most of them, as like as peas in a pod."

Most citizens in South Carolina today depend upon one of three metropolitan daily newspapers for coverage of state and national news events. Two wire services feed the three dailies and also provide 90 per cent of the news headlines used by the state's radio and television stations. The reporters who serve the daily press and wire services devote the great majority of their time to the day-to-day coverage of routine events--meetings, press conferences, crimes, and wrecks. Whether the present scarcity of information is due to a lack of competent journalists, or the unwillingness of newspaper management in the state to endanger its peaceful, profitable coexistence with the state power structure, it seems imperative that new channels of information be opened.

Osceola will not pretend to completely fill the enormous gap between what is and what needs to be known about our state. It will, however, venture into that gap, providing analytical coverage of important events, more investigative reporting than is currently offered in the daily press, and a determination to avoid compromise with special interest pressures.

Osceola will also offer a look at social and cultural activities--with reviews of movies, drama, art, music, books and other media sources, soliciting the creative and as yet untapped talents of our state's writers, artists, musicians and actors. And we'll be searching for the unusual as well: the intriguing and often strange life-styles, quirks and traditions of life in South Carolina, written with a style of personal insight that will entertain as it informs.

The staff of *Osceola* is young--all under 30--but experienced with college and daily newspapers in North and South Carolina, Florida and New Jersey. Beginning in the spring of 1972, we published and circulated seven issues--about 50,000 copies--of *Osceola* while working part-time on a small grant from a family foundation interested in journalism and South Carolina. These issues were well-received by a variety of readers, including cultural and political groups, environmentalists, artists, some politicians, and other journalists. Several of our stories were picked up by the metropolitan dailies and state and national wire services.

Osceola's pilot issues featured stories on:

* * * Conditions and prisoner attitudes at the Central Correctional Institution (CCI), South Carolina's antiquated prison facility.

* * * Who pays hospital costs in Richland County and the failure of the County Indigent Service to assume the burden of financing health care for the needy, as provided by statute.

* * * The Ripoff at the Wholesale Corral; a story on unsavory practices among freezer meat salesmen, and the reluctance of the state government to enforce recently-enacted consumer protection laws.

* * * The Army's use of stacked odds in promoting its Volunteer Army pilot project at Fort Jackson....a soldier's tale which received national press attention.

* * * The General Assembly's inability to pass tidelands legislation; the whys and the wherefors.

* * * Attitudes toward and laws dealing with pornography, including an interview with a convicted smut peddler and the leader of an antipornography group.

* * * Questionable ethics of a county councilman heavily involved in establishing a cable television system in Richland County.

* * * An examination of the intolerable conditions in the Greenville County jail which twice drove prisoners to set fire to their own cells.

And interviews with:

* * * The still hopeful Bobby Hunter on his way to the Olympic trials.

* * * Double-dipped integrationist M. Hayes Mizell, a liberal school board member and Southern activist.

* * * A group of South Carolina State Hospital employees, revealing the fact that gross negligence and indifference continues, ten years after the hospital's great reform period.

* * * Black Nationalist Redfern II, who has his own somewhat terrifying vision of black and white America (and South Carolina).

And:

A look at Georgia's Koinonia Commune, the Healing Powers of Solarama Miracle Board, a revealing profile of two low-country artists, Ego-Tripping with James Dickey, our patented Cheap Shots at just about everybody, and dozens of book, movie, play, music and media reviews.

One Richland County political boss was so impressed that he coyly offered us "financial assistance." We didn't take him up on his offer and until now we haven't had the financial backing necessary to publish regularly on a fulltime basis. We ceased our irregular publication last November, raised the necessary capital, and recently hired a fulltime staff of nine to produce *Osceola* as a weekly journal of politics, arts, living, and sound investigative journalism.

We don't promise overnight journalistic miracles, just hard-nosed reporting, liberally mixed with serious--and sometimes light--coverage of social and cultural activities and imaginative photojournalism. So keep an eye on us.

Cheap Shots

Nepot Award

Edgar McGowan, South Carolina's labor commissioner, has been having some problems lately coordinating his private affairs with his official duties. Earlier this year McGowan was forced to resign his position as treasurer of the State Democratic Party when it was pointed out to him that the Hatch Act precludes his participation in partisan political activity while he serves as the head of a state agency spending federal money.

Now, *Osceola* has learned, McGowan's son, Linden, is working out of the Labor Commission's office as an inspection officer in the Occupational Safety and Health Act (OSHA) program. According to Chapter 3, section 50-104 of the state code, "It shall be unlawful for any person at the head of any department of this government to appoint to any office or position of trust or emolument under his control consanguinity or affinity within the sixth degree."

A public information official in McGowan's office confirmed that Linden McGowan is an OSHA inspection officer with the agency and is working in the Myrtle Beach area for the Commission.

Such Good Friends

On the afternoon of May 23, the Columbia *Record's* lead story disclosed to its 31,000 readers that the University of South Carolina had been lending money to a private foundation for the purpose of circumventing state legislation restricting land purchases by the University. (See story, page four.) During the next week, the *Record* ran three more page one follow-up stories (May 25, 29, and 31) concerning these practices and the subsequent controversy over their legality.

On May 24, the morning after the *Record* broke the story, the *State* found room in its pages for the usual collection of news and features: "Ruling Asked," "Study Welcomed," "City Gives Hearing," "Carnival Rides Regulations Considered," and "Baker Named Top South Carolina Barber." But there was apparently no room in the *State* for a follow-up, a wire story, or even a re-write on the subject of the controversial lending of University funds.

The majority of the *State's* 110,000 daily readers then (only about one-fourth of whom would have seen the *Record* story) remained oblivious to the disclosures. *Record* reporter Dot Tringali, who broke the story, was not utilizing sources unavailable to any *State* reporter. The information in her story was drawn from a study of an audit of state spending, available to the general public.

While the *Record* ran four stories totaling over 60 inches of copy concerning the Carolina Research and Development Foundation, the *State* in the same period ran one six-inch Associated Press story on page 20-A, three days after the initial *Record* story.

This blatant example of one newspaper choosing to ignore a story on which it has been scooped by a "rival" (both the *State* and the *Record* are owned by the same company and are therefore not financially competitive) is one of the misfortunes of modern big-business monopoly journalism.

The *Record's* coverage of the disclosures is itself lacking in several respects. Internal Revenue Service files on Carolina Research and Development Foundation reveal an intriguing Who's Who in S.C. Financial Circles in its list of officers and moneylenders, but the *Record* did not explore or report this list.

Much more compromising was the *Record's* editorial stance on the subject. On May 29, the *Record* asked for a whitewash of the whole matter, declaring that "the practice makes good business sense, provided all the legal niceties have been observed. But since legal questions have been raised over the lending practice, it seems only proper to clear the air as quickly as possible. It should be a relatively simple and painless task for the legislature to take whatever remedial action is necessary to settle the matter."

In adopting such a stance, the *Record* has ignored the spirit and intent of the legislation controlling physical growth of the University and disregarded the human values affected by such unrestricted growth. While the *State* chose to disregard the affair, the *Record* comfortably aligned itself with a segment of that elite financial and governmental club which prides itself in its virtual autonomy in state affairs.

Local Boy

Not since Harry Dent has a local boy skyrocketed to the top of the heap faster than McCormick native Fred J. Buzhardt. The former Thurmond aide and Defense Department official now serves as President Nixon's special counsel in the Watergate affair.

Buzhardt's outstanding record must have been the deciding factor in the President's appointment. While in the Department of Defense, Buzhardt angered Pentagon Papers judge W. Matt Byrne by failing to produce a nine-volume Pentagon study which concluded that in most instances the Pentagon Papers contained nothing harmful to national security. Byrne requested the Department of Defense to furnish the study in April 1972, but the study was not forwarded until eight months later, in late January 1973.

According to a *Charlotte Observor* article, testimony at the Pentagon Papers trial indicated Buzhardt ordered the studies from the files and was ultimately responsible for the delay.

Buzhardt was in the news again in 1971 when he thwarted Senator Sam Ervin's efforts to obtain information on military surveillance practices. He so angered Ervin that after Buzhardt was appointed special counsel to the president Ervin said, "My experience with Fred Buzhardt is such that I'd rather withhold any comment on him."

Buzhardt's latest play for the headlines came when he issued a memo last week denying John Dean's charges against the President and suggesting several questions the Senate committee should put to Dean. The White House quickly denied official endorsement of Buzhardt's actions.

What with the heads rolling and Harry Dent and Johnny Walters being spared from the chopping black, South Carolina may be denied representation in that auspicious event, but not if Fred Buzhardt has anything to do about it.

Peace, Anyone?

Along with the rumors of gasoline, food, energy, and grits shortages comes the speculation that the current shortage of wars may have an adverse effect on the South Carolina economy. The spring issue of *Southern Exposure*, a quarterly published by Atlanta's Institute for Southern Studies, includes an interesting summaru of S.C.'s dependence on military spending, perhaps partially explaining the determined hawkishness of most of our elected officials in Washington. In fiscal 1972, South Carolina ranked 19th in Department of Defense funds spent per capita ($301) with a total of $832,310,000. In 1970, S.C. ranked second in the nation in peach production and third in tobacco production, but its total farm receipts of $441,445,000 couldn't touch the $698,644,000 the Pentagon spent here the same year. Peace, anyone?

Hog Succumbs

Late dispatches from Firebaugh, California indicate that Amiable Arnold, the celebrated 800-pound pet Hampshire Hog who dined on fried chicken and barked like a dog, is dead.

According to owner James Boccabellas, Arnold died last week of a heart attack in his own bedroom, which owner Boccabellas furnished the boar since he out-grew sleeping at the foot of his master's bed. It took eight men to haul Arnold into the back yard where he was buried. He would have been three in September.

A household pet since his piglet days, Arnold rose to fame last year when a reporter wrote of his residency in the Boccabella home. Farm experts warned that the family was living with a time bomb, that eventually gentle Arnold would turn on them and rip them from ear to ear with his tusks before they knew what had happened.

"Nonsense," snapped Mrs. Boccabella, Arnold's staunchest defender, "He's known nothing but love. He's gentle as a kitten."

Arnold came into the possession of the family as a piglet. They fed him, housebroke him and he eventually became the family pet. He went for rides in the family car, barked at passersby and ate prodigious amounts of fried chicken, donuts and even bacon. Eventually they gave Arnold his own room equipped with air conditioning and radio.

Many television variety shows vied for Arnold's time and he was scheduled for an appearance with Johnny Carson on "The Tonight Show" later this year.

The family said they never worried about Arnold's even temper. He was, without exception, a very gentle hog.

He Lied?

Rummaging through our clippings, we've come across a story from February, 1973 concerning a Greenwood radio station owner accused by a federal judge of perjuring himself during license renewal hearings.

The judge reccommended that the owner be denied renewal of his license, but the Federal Communications Commission declined to follow the judge's reccommendation. The FCC explained their action by saying they did not consider the owner's statement perjury, but a "faulty shading of recollections in an attempt to recall long-past conversations where the consequences may have unconsciously influenced [his] recollections in a manner favorable to himself."

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A GROWING UNIVERSITY, a tough break for you homeowners

by Dick Harpootlian

As bulldozers churned their way through a home across the street, an old black man sat on his porch and watched. It was a familiar sight to him, repeated many times in the last few years on Columbia's Wheeler Hill.

"A man lived there for thirty years. It was only cinder blocks and logs; it was rough, you know. Abe Lincoln lived in a log house, didn't he? Honest Abe they called him. But this is Gamecock Country--wherever blacks live push it, move it, build a project."

His familiarity with University of South Carolina's treatment of Wheeler Hill has bred contempt that will not likely be eradicated until he is. The patent unfairness of it has eaten away at his guts until all he mouths is a bitter denunciation of the "white man's school."

"That woman next door she had dogs and they moved her to a project where you can't have no dogs. People is like trees you don't take an old tree and pull it out by the roots and plant it somewhere else. Why, I know 55 to 75 old people who died 'cause they have been taken away from the things they love most--their homes."

He pointed where four churches had once stood and where parking lots, dormitories, and tennis courts now dominate the landscape. What confounds him most, he explained, is why they tore down the churches in his community and let Green Street Methodist Church, which is virtually in the middle of campus, stand. His answer to his own question is that the Green Street congregation is predominately white while his community is "niggers."

"You don't take what a person bought and worked for . . .you live and let live . . . why do you want to build a dormitory or a parking lot where people live? They're tearing down what I built up."

The old man stopped ranting as if he had scared himself into silence. He stared at the bulldozer as it scrapped up splinters of the home next door and dumped it into the back of a waiting truck. The broken boards and plaster would be taken outside Columbia somewhere and dumped. The fact that the people who lived in the house had already received the same treatment did not escape him. Talking almost as if he were the lone survivor of some horrible plague, he noted his time would be coming soon; both he and his home would join the trash heap outside.

"The university got it all. They own from Senate Street to Rosewood Drive and from Huger Street to Pickens Street. They're moving people back to the slums to educate white students."

Actually, the Wheeler Hill community on the south side of the USC campus isn't exactly the picture of tall elms and aging Victorian houses that the old man would have you believe. Most of the houses are shacks and barely habitable. However, his message is clear: he may be living in a shack, but it's *his* shack.

Donald Russell, while president of the University of South Carolina years ago, once told a Columbia city official that the university would one day own all the property from Gervais Street south to the fairgrounds and from the Congaree River east to Harden Street. At the time, the official scoffed at Russell's "dream," but in recent years he says the prophesy has nearly been realized.

The already rapid pace of university expansion was accelerated in 1965 by the creation of Carolina Research and Development Foundation. CRDF is a private eleemosynary corporation whose purpose, according to its incorporation papers, is, "obtaining, acquiring, constructing or otherwise providing property, real or personal, which will be useful to the University of South Carolina." Not only is the Foundation exempt from state and federal corporate income taxes, but a bill passed by the state legislature exempts from local property taxes all foundation property which is non-income producing.

The Foundation is crucial to the University's expansion plans primarily because of the legislatively prescribed procedures which the University must follow to purchase property. Not only does USC have to make application to the State Budget and Control Board for approval to issue bonds to make a purchase, section 22-25 of the S.C. Code of Laws provides that the University may not indebt itself beyond a specific point. That point is determined by multiplying the total tuition fees gathered by USC during one calendar year by the number of years the bonds are to be outstanding and then multiplying that product by 150 per cent.

This ceiling on bonded indebtedness, in effect, slows the rate of expansion of the University by tying it directly to the amount of annual revenue accrued from tuition fees. An independent entity, operating outside this framework of control, but privy to the expansion plans of the University can acquire property and hold it until the University's bonding power is such that it can be purchased.

While all the evidence indicates the Foundation is a device to evade the bonded indebtedness limitation, Harold Brunton, vice-president of business affairs at USC, insists CRDF was created merely to alleviate the need for the University to use the power of imminent domain "on those occasions when Carolina finds it necessary to expand."

The symbiotic relationship between the University has been evident from the moment of conception for CRDF. The financial transaction which breathed life into it was based on a long-term lease with the University. In 1965 CRDF acquired for $376,000 the Woodland Terrace Apartment complex. At that time, the Foundation's only asset was a lease with the University for Woodland Terrace for $70,000 a year.

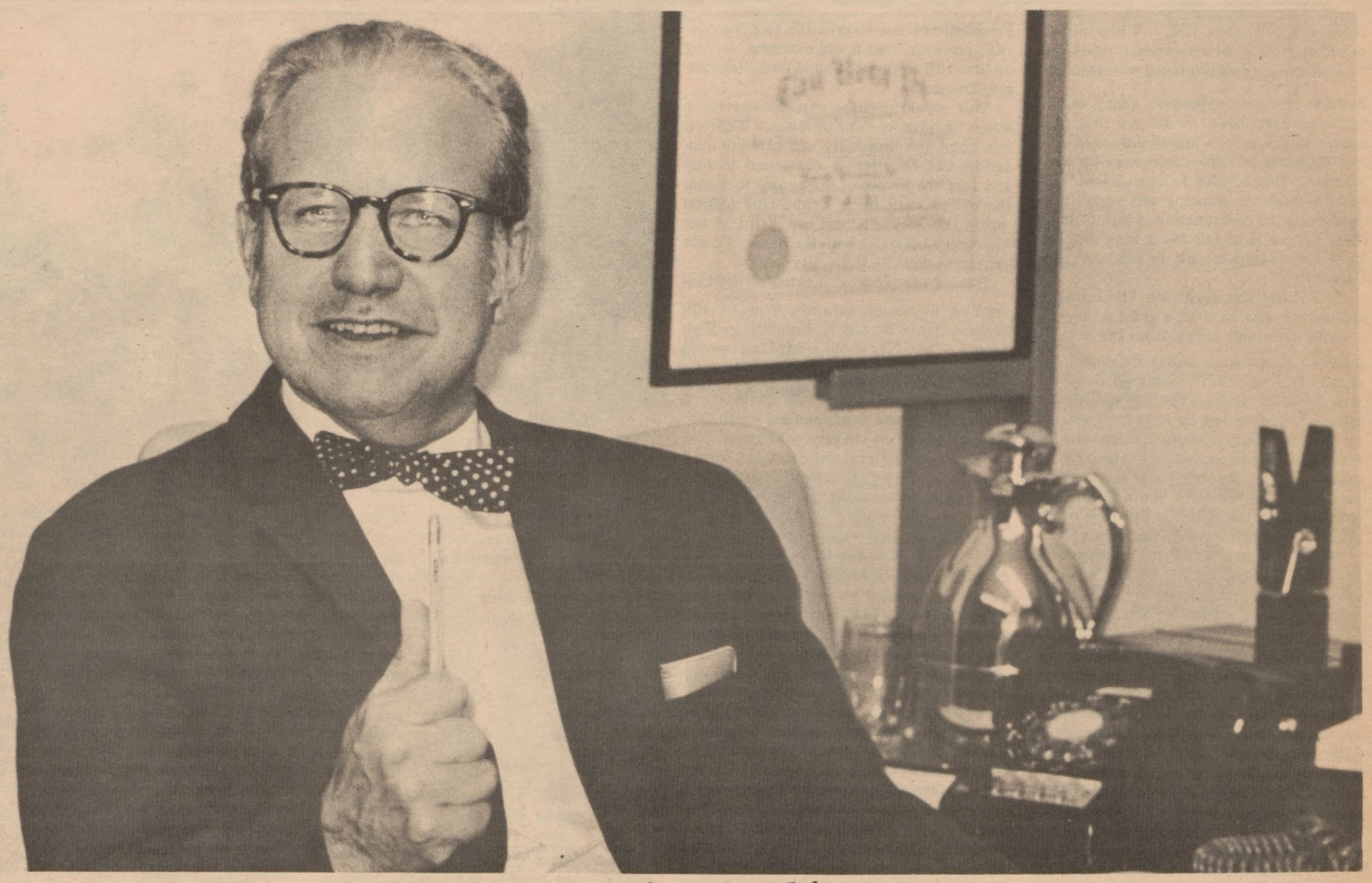
The cash for the purchase, according to CRDF's 1968 tax return, came from the Liberty Life Insurance Company which lent the money to the Foundation at 6½ per cent. The mortgage must have been fairly easy to get approved because one of CRDF's directors that year was Francis M. Hipp, chairman and chief executive officer of Liberty Life.

Evidently financial institutions whose top officials are members of CRDF's board frequently give the Foundation preferential treatment. For instance, in 1969 when First National Bank board member James M. Hagood was also a member of the Foundation board, the First National lent CRDF $250,000 at 7½ per cent on an unsecured basis. A few months later the First National assisted the Foundation in its $2.5 million purchase of the Senate Plaza Apartment building.

While there is nothing illegal or unethical about this conduct, it is noteworthy because it emphasizes the close relationship between USC and the Foundation. Obviously, banks and insurance companies are not in the habit of loaning several hundred thousand dollars to just any organization, especially when security is not named. In some instances these banks are custodians of University trust funds or deposits and evidently view CRDF and the University as if they were one entity. Since the same people, USC President Tom Jones, Vice-president Hal Brunton and Vice-president of Development C. Wallace Martin, represent both CRDF and the University, it is easy to see why officials of the state's financial institutions become confused.

The relationship which engenders this confusion may perhaps run afoul of the South Carolina Constitution. Article 10, section 6 of that document says, "The credit of the state shall not be pledged or loaned for the benefit of any individual, company, association or corporation." Although Foundation officials may not be declaring that the credit of the state stands behind

"This is Gamecock Country."



"I was born in the depression and it hurts me to destroy a capital asset." —Harold Brunton

them, most observers might assume that it does.

Although the constitutional issue has yet to be raised, the state Auditor's Office recently questioned another aspect of the University-CRDF relationship. Since the Foundation's inception the University has been lending money to it. The corporation's 1969 tax return indicates it borrowed almost half a million dollars from the Athletic Department and $110,000 from the Institute of International Studies. The notes were unsecured and the money was loaned at low interest rates--"the prime interest rate in existence on the first day of each quarter." In a letter attached to this year's audit of the University, P.C. Smith, state auditor and secretary to the State Budget and Control Board, questioned the practice of lending money to the Foundation. Edgar A. Vaughn, chief auditor on Smith's staff, said that state law prohibits anyone except the state treasurer from investing state funds.

Brunton apparently agrees with the auditor that no one except the state treasurer may invest state funds; however, the USC vice-president contends the funds loaned were not state funds. According to Brunton, the state appropriations act specifically allows state institutions to invest and deposit money which the institutions earn or is not otherwise appropriated. Vaughn surmised that Brunton must be referring to Section 79 of the state appropriations act, but he disagrees as to the interpretation of the section. The auditor insists Brunton's actions conflict at least with the intent of Section 79. An attorney general's opinion has been solicited and both the University and Brunton have provided assurances that they will abide by that decision.

Brunton says that CRDF has saved the University "millions of dollars" through its early acquisition program and that it is "extremely beneficial" for the University to assist the Foundation in any possible way.

Not only is it beneficial for the University but apparently the loans are a necessity for the Foundation. CRDF has grown to a multi-million dollar corporation through staying heavily mortgaged and borrowing to the hilt. For instance, according to the Foundation's 1970 tax return its assets were a little over $5 million while its liabilities were over $4.8 million. CRDF evidently keeps up the interest payments on its loans and attempts to pay back principle only after the land is re-sold to the University. Brunton says the re-sale to the University is made at a price which reflects cost plus expenses, including a small interest charge.

Through this process of staying heavily indebted, the corporation has accumulated a huge amount of property in the downtown Columbia area. The Foundation has become a private land acquisition corporation utilizing low interest rates, unusually liberal credit terms and Gamecock loyalty to buy up much of the golden rectangle President Russell longed for.

The success of an undertaking of this magnitude can be traced directly to its supporting cast. In addition to Brunton, Hagood, Hipp and Martin, the all-star group has included: David W. Robinson, an attorney with Robinson, McFadden, Moore and Pope; Arthur M. Williams Jr., president of South Carolina Electric and Gas; John L.M. Tobias, president and chairman of the board of Palmetto State Life Insurance Co.; Dr. William Weston Jr., a Columbia physician; William Bruce, president of Siebels Bruce and Co.; and USC President Thomas F. Jones.

These gentlemen, through the use of their financial acumen and cunning, have created in eight short years a multi-million dollar holding company that may one day make the South Carolina Constitution obsolete.

The impact of the Foundation on Columbia has been staggering. With the University and CRDF working in tandem they have had little difficulty in acquiring much of the land surrounding the present University campus. The process consists of CRDF first buying all the land in an area from owners who can be convinced to sell. Then the wait begins. Sooner or later the University will decide to expand and its bonding power will allow it to buy up all of CRDF's holdings on a specific site. Suddenly those who had refused to sell to CRDF find themselves obstructing the growth of higher education in South Carolina and either yield to the pressure and sell or face the prospect of the University's exercise of the power of imminent domain.

The repetition of this process has had its impact on neighborhoods bordering on the campus. Landlords are hesitant to invest money in repairs and improvements when they anticipate sales to the University within a few years. Evidently sound business principles militate against investing in the soon-to-be-condemned structures, but for the students who must endure the slum-style living this is no consolation.

Brunton, however, endorses the landlords' philosophy. "You can discourage property enhancement," Brunton explained. "That sort of expenditure would be ridiculous if the state is going to acquire the property. I was born in the Depression and it hurts me to destroy a capital asset."

It makes such good business sense that the Foundation has used it in managing its property on Wheeler Hill. The corporation began buying property on the Hill in 1967 when, according to a Columbia city official, most of the houses in the area were in "good shape." Prior to 1967, the Urban Rehabilitation Division of city government brought all the houses in the area up to compliance with the city housing code. Reparations included adding indoor toilet facilities, rewiring, insulating windows and walls, and, in general, making the houses livable.

From the time the Hill was purchased by the Foundation repairs have been almost totally absent. Brunton admits the houses are "below standard;" the tenants of the Hill use another term--"slums."

Rental figures for the area tend to confirm the accusations that the area has turned into a slum--they are reflective of rental costs in poor areas throughout the city. A spokesman for Lane and Wolfe Realty Co., which acts as a rent-collecting agency for CRDF, said the average rental fee for a house on Wheeler Hill is $35 per month.

Officials at City Hall indicate that when an official complaint is registered concerning substandard conditions on the Hill, the Foundation asks the tenants to leave and then razes the structure rather than bringing the home up to housing standards. One city official said the University refuses to make its expansion and land purchasing plans known to the city. Due to this lack of communications, the official explained, the City of Columbia is unable to utilize its limited property rehabilitation resources effectively in the University area. Resources, therefore, have in the past been poured into areas which the Foundation subsequently purchases with no intention of maintaining the property improvements initiated by the city.

When asked about conditions on Wheeler Hill, Brunton said, "I regret the maintenance level." Brunton claimed the Foundation rarely asked anyone to move. "So far we've been fortunate; we try to avoid asking people to vacate until a specific project is planned. General attrition eliminates most of them." One of the greatest factors contributing to "general attrition," of course, is the fact that the Foundation provides little maintenance for the homes, eventually driving the residents out.

Brunton also said the Foundation had decided some time ago not to become involved with providing replacement housing for persons displaced by University projects. He explained that "strongly established housing agencies" are already taking care of this problem.

Information provided by city housing officials strongly contradicts Brunton's assurances that the displacement is under control. At the beginning of this year, according to housing officers, 1,400 families were on the waiting list for public housing. Families displaced by the University usually have to fend for themselves, the official said.

In 1969, the USC Social Problems Research Institute, in a report on Wheeler Hill, said, "The University of South Carolina, in order to satisfy its rapid growth needs and expand its physical facilities for training and research, found it necessary to purchase additional property from a nearby community adjacent to the main campus. This

community, Wheeler Hill, is a low-income neighborhood in which approximately one thousand black disadvantaged residents live.

Because of recent expansion, many of the residents have been forced to find new homes in the area, while hundreds of former residents left the community entirely in order to find suitable living quarters. This left the residents unhappy and angry, thus reinforcing the resentment and lack of trust these people have felt for a long time toward the Establishment; in this case, the University."

To combat this alienation, the Institute applied for and received a grant of several hundred thousand dollars from the Department of Education's Adult Education Division. Project UNITY (derived from the stated goal of "University-Community partnership") was to last three years, however, its funding was terminated after only 13 months. Officials involved with the program described it as "an abortive attempt on the part of the University of South Carolina to contribute to the development of a neighboring black, low-income community."

Staff members of the Institute attributed the termination of Project UNITY to a general cutback by the Nixon administration; however, several critics of the project point to ineffectual attempts by Project officials to engender trust in the Hill people. This criticism is substantiated in a report issued by the Institute after the project was terminated, "A multilevel trust problem became apparent. The community residents lacked sufficient trust in the University during the Project."

Perhaps the main cause of this distrust was the University's continued aggrandizement in the Wheeler Hill area during the Project's duration.

"It was my understanding," Dr. Manning Hiers of the Institute explained, "that there was a temporary freeze on the buying of land on the Hill during the Project." The Foundation's tax returns for that year reveal, however, that it did extensive buying on the Hill during the supposed "temporary freeze."

This would perhaps explain why there was a "multilevel trust problem." While on one hand the University was offering education and benefits, it continued to buy and raze the homes of the people to whom the offers were being made. One official put it this way, "It was one hand of the University wrestling with the other; it's not surprising that the University won."

One of the recent casualities of the University's expansion into the Wheeler Hill community is Booker T. Washington High School. The 57-year-old school has been in the news recently due to the alleged unsafe and generally decrepit condition of its physical plant. Booker is surrounded on all four sides by CRDF or University holdings. The condition of the physical plant has forced the District One School Board to consider rennovating the present facility or building a new one. According to sources close to the school board, construction of a new facility on the same site has apparently been discarded as an option due to the University and the Foundation's unwillingness to allow Booker room to expand. One other option involves the exchange of property between the Foundation and District One. Under that plan the Foundation would get the present facility and District One would get a site behind Wateree Avenue where Wheeler Hill's one remaining church now stands.

Sources close to the school board indicate this option has also been rejected, mainly due to pressure from Shandon Neighborhood Council, a citizens' group composed of residents from the white middle class neighborhood which borders on Wateree Avenue. The concern centers around the congestion and traffic problem a school in that area would cause.

The third and remaining option open to the school board is to build a new Booker T. Washington High School at Owens Field. This proposal is being studied by the school board now and a decision is expected soon. But whatever their decision, the Foundation and ultimately the University will gain more land.

To Fanny Adams, Booker is more than just a school. She attended high school there more years ago than she will admit and now is the school's guidance counselor. According to her, BTW is a sacred monument to many local blacks and the school board's recent discussions have been met with distrust by many black Columbians.

Ms. Adams has lived on Wheeler Hill all her life; she has seen much of the community disappear as the University pushed onto her Hill. She feels bitter about what they have done and is most disturbed about the situation into which she feels the University forced the school board.

She met with Hal Brunton when he came to speak to the Booker faculty, but she says, "he has no concern for other people and has no desire to listen . . .you might as well cut your tongue off." She has difficulty understanding an institution of higher learning whose primary vehicle for dealing with the surrounding community is a bulldozer.

"The University had the greatest chance to show how a University can help a community, but you do it because you love people, not buildings. How do you take a person's home and in its place put a parking lot? I swanee, I can't understand it."

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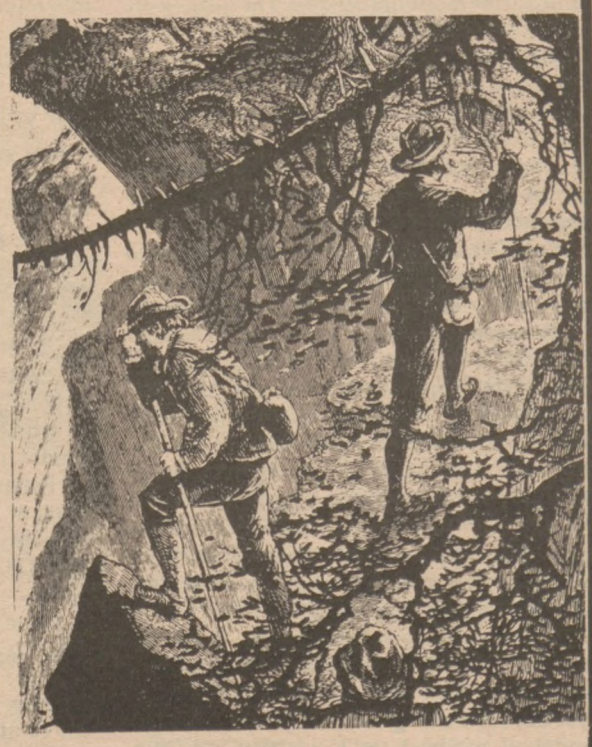

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Don Fowler and the Politics of Moderation

by Tim Rogers

State Democratic parties in the South have never endured a more traumatic time than the period from the 1964 elections to the present.

There have been other turbulent years, immediately before and after the Civil War and during the post-World War II Dixiecrat movement; yet never before has the fundamental make-up and internal strength of the Southern Party been so much in question. During the past decade, Southern Democrats have had to face the essential question of whether their Party could survive as a significant political entity.

This dilemma, as with so many others in Southern society, has racial origins. By 1964, the fruits of the civil rights movement had begun to ripen. In political terms, this meant more and more black people registering, voting, and generally seeking greater participation in the political process.

Nationally, the Democratic Party had taken up the banner of civil rights. Most black political gains came as a result of Democratic leadership in Congress and the White House. Yet it was Southern Democrats who had protected and perpetuated the segregated society ever since the close of Reconstruction and provided the leadership for "massive resistance" to the national assault on segregation.

However, despite this resistance by the South's Conservative Democrats, the reaction of many Southern white conservatives to the national civil rights trend was so strong that they began turning to the Republican Party in substantial numbers by the early '60s. This movement gathered considerable momentum, of course, with the Republicans' nomination of Senator Barry Goldwater for President in 1964. Goldwater's "Southern Strategy" included the conversion of such notable politicos as Senator Strom Thurmond.

Building the Southern Republican Party precluded any role for blacks, who thus gravitated to the Democratic Party in the South as much by default than choice. As larger numbers of conservative whites chose to vote straight Republican tickets, black votes gained greater importance in Southern Democrats' formulas for winning elections. Yet Democrats were leery of opening their arms too wide to welcome their new constituency, for fear of driving even more whites to the Republican side.

Hence the trauma for the Democratic Party of South Carolina and the other states of the old Confederacy. Each has been faced with the problem of how to accomodate the new black vote, and the progressive idealogy that accompanied it. The varied reactions to the common problem has signaled the end of the solid Democratic South.

Some state parties, such as those in Alabama and Mississippi, have moved in a progressive direction with hesitancy and caution. Their major weapon in forestalling Republican gains is the seniority of Southern Democrats in Congress, and it has been an effective one. The flaw, of course, is that that argument naturally exhausts itself with the passage of time and the passing on of the patriarchs.

Don Fowler

A different phenomenon has been the coalescing of strong, sophisticated black voting blocks with emerging progressive elements in the white community--organized labor, students, rural populists, and others. Such coalitions have effectively captured the Democratic parties of some southern states, Virginia being the most notable example.

This approach has almost always meant difficulty in the short run. Traditions die hard in the South, and conservative politics has evolved into much of a tradition. New Southern Democratic coalitions have seen their share of the short end of general election and even primary votes, especially in state-wide races. There have been successes, however, and most leaders of this third Southern political world indicate they are willing to experience temporary defeats to enable the building of more substantial strength over the long haul.

Somewhere between these "extremes" lies the "moderate" approach. Convenience, and the strong practical desire to maintain power at all costs, have motivated the adoption of this type of strategy by a number of the Southern parties. Compromise is the key, and compromise as an effective political strategy requires strong leadership. Appearances and protocol become important.

In South Carolina, Dr. Donald L. Fowler, political scientist, Chairman and Executive Director of the Democratic Party of South Carolina, is more than any other individual the architect and builder of the most successful moderate Democratic Party structure in the South.

Obviously, it would not be accurate to assign the entire responsibility to Fowler. Yet the significance of Fowler's rapid rise, and the importance of his influence in the successful maintenance of Party control in state politics here is indisputable.

Don Fowler is a native South Carolinian. He grew up in Spartanburg, graduating from Wofford College in 1957. His next three years were spent in the U. S. Army (he currently holds the reserve rank of Major), and the next four were devoted to his successful pursuit of a Ph.D. in Political Science at the University of Kentucky.

Fowler returned to his home state in the spring of 1964 to take a teaching position at the University of South Carolina and quickly immersed himself in state politics.

He began as an office worker in the state LBJ headquarters during the 1964 presidential election.

"I was just doing sort of menial things, mostly just being office boy," Fowler said in a recent interview. "About the only substantive thing I did was to conduct a kind of low-level public opinion poll in the textile districts of the upstate, which pretty well told the story of that election. In 1960, Kennedy carried those precincts with very substantial margins, but my poll indicated Johnson was only breaking about even there. Without real heavy support from those textile districts, it's impossible, or at least very, very difficult for a Democratic candidate to win. Of course, he (Johnson) did not get very good support there--he about split 'em. And lost the state.

"About the only other thing I did that was of any significance was to address one mass black meeting over at Allen University--which was considered dangerous at that time. In '64, the atmosphere, and the whole play of politics was very, very different. Someone was supposed to have come in from out of state, and they didn't. They tried to get a number of people associated with the Johnson campaign to come over and speak, and literally, I was the only one who would go--who was fool enough to go you might say."

In September of 1965, Fowler ran successfully for president of the state Young Democrats, and as state YD leader, he introduced the revolutionary proposition that the organization should actually do something other than convene and revel every two years. In the critical 1966 elections Fowler played an active role, working through the Young Democrats to raise money and provide other support for Democratic candidates.

The party hierarchy was impressed. When the newly-created position of state party Executive Director came open in early 1967, Fowler was offered the job and accepted.

In '68, Fowler figured there was little he could do for Party Presidential nominee Hubert Humphrey. Senator Ernest Hollings was up for re-election and was unwilling to campaign for Humphrey. In '64 Senator Olin Johnston had campaigned actively for LBJ, but there was no one around in '68 who felt safe or committed enough to follow in Olin's footsteps. What Fowler was able to do, with the help of Congressman Mendel Rivers and others, was to capitalize on the resentment of Wallace supporters angered by the strong Nixon support from Senator Thurmond and other Dixiecrat Republicans. The Wallacites were in a vengeful mood, and the state Democrats responded with the plan to "vote Wallace, then straight Democratic." That's exactly what most Wallace voters did; their votes, together with those going to Humphrey, kept almost all Democratic incumbents safe, enabled Senator Hollings to demolish re-match challenger Marshall Parker, and defeated a number of Republican incumbents in the General Assembly.

When Fowler resigned as Party Executive Director a year later, there were three reasons. One he characterizes as a "little internal problem," the second was to return to Wofford College to teach part-time, and the third was to manage the campaign of then State Senator Earle E. Morris of Pickens for Lieutenant Governor. Fowler and Morris had developed a friendship and mutual admiration during the time when

Tim Rogers, who has worked in statewide campaigns for Thomas Broadwater and John Bolt Culbertson, has joined Osceola *and will write periodically on South Carolina politics.*

Fowler Interview

Morris served as state Party Chairman.

Ever since Fowler's "fool" appearance at the 1964 Allen University rally, he has been energetically courting the state's black political leadership. His motivation for doing so is two-dimensional. First, Fowler was and is sincerely committed to his conception of full and equal participation by black people in American society. Second, he has always had a keen sense of the critical potential of the black vote in a variety of electoral circumstances. Whatever problems Fowler may have had at any given time, ineptitude has not normally been one of them. He has been warmly received by the black hierarchy, most of whom were, in any event, more predisposed to accomodation on lesser terms than their counterparts in some other Southern states.

Fowler's close relations with the black community served Morris well in his pri-primary battle with Columbia lawyer Heyward Belser. Morris defeated Belser handily.

But the real fight in 1970 was in the General Election. Early on in the campaign, the Democrats were understandably concerned about two problems. The Republicans, first of all, had nominated Second District Congressman Albert Watson for Governor. Watson was young, broad-shouldered and attractive, an effective speaker, and possessed a virtually unblemished conservative record. A close protege of Senator Thurmond, Watson was willing, even anxious to make busing and other racial issues his central campaign theme.

In the beginning, the Republicans were ecstatic at the prospect of capturing the Governor's mansion for the first time in modern political history. Senator Thurmond was prepared to campaign vigorously for Watson. Most of the "experts" on all sides viewed Watson's Democratic opponent, then Lieutenant Governor John West, as vulnerable on racial issues, and because he had a more bland image than Watson. On that point, at least, they were accurate.

Adding substantially to the appeal of the Republican ticket was Morris' opponent, businessman Jim Henderson from Greenville. Henderson was a virtual unknown around the state, but he is a highly motivated, resourceful man. His business success meant he could contribute substantial funds to his own campaign, but more importantly, his successful business was advertising. Even as Watson's unexpectedly crude racial rhetoric and other tactical errors were losing ground for the Republican candidates, it was Henderson and his flashy media and billboard advertising that carried the Republican effort.

Aware that the Republicans were going to present real problems, the Democrats received a stunning jolt, which was to become their second major obstacle, in the mid-summer months before the campaign had a chance to heat up. Dismayed and angered by then Governor McNair's actions in the Charleston Hospital strike and the infamous Orangeburg Massacre, as well as a general feeling of under-representation in the Party, black leaders had some months earlier begun discussing the formation of a new party in the state. An ill-conceived statement by West in the early summer concerning school desegregation, calculated as part of a counter-attack on Watson's strength in segregationist circles, backfired. For the blacks, it broke the back of any remaining patience they may have had with the Party. Efforts to form the new party were escalated, and the United Citizens Party (UCP) was launched with the avowed intention of running a candidate for Governor.

There was a keen awareness that the loss of any significant number of black votes to UCP could mean Democratic defeat. The Party geared for the ordeal to come, and almost immediatély turned to Fowler. While continuing to serve formally as Morris' campaign manager, Fowler assumed the position of Campaign Coordinator for the entire, state-wide Democratic effort. His main task was to re-establish party communications with the black community, pacify the insurgents, and deliver the black vote on election day. As Fowler puts it, "I spent a great deal of time maintaining liaison and communications with black people." And that's not all he spent.

Fowler used two main weapons to woo the black sheep back into the fold. Fear was the first—the fear of how much worse things could be if Watson were to be successful. The tales that were spread were enough to keep children awake at night; the Orangeburg Massacre would seem a picnic by comparison. Since Thomas Broadwater, the UCP candidate, could not possibly win, a vote for him would, in effect, be a vote for Watson. Fortunately for the Party, Watson lent credibility by escalating his own stream of racist innuendo.

If the scare tactic was Fowler's stick, promises were his carrots. West was not McNair, blacks were told; he's different, he's a real liberal-in-the-flesh. "Don't destroy the golden opportunity we've worked so hard and waited so long for. Believe it, West will deliver."

Saying little, but implying much, West spent a great deal of time making personal visits and tours through the Black community. Tangible indications of good faith were left wherever his and other entourages moved. These tokens were of the best, most highly persuasive variety—green, and very spendable.

Of course, "street money" is not uncommon in political campaigns. But this particular undertaking was significant in its dimensions, and the response it elicited was a sad commentary on the degree to which much of the Black electorate remained vulnerable.

As the campaign progressed, the effort in the white community remained low-key, soft-sell. Party strategists knew West could not hope to win a shouting match with Watson, and the calm, decent image proved to be effective. In doing battle with Broadwater and UCP, however, it was do-or-die. No angle was left unexplored, no potential contact bypassed. It was ruthless, and it worked.

When the returns were in, Broadwater's tally was negligible, and West and Morris led Watson and Henderson by some 40,000 votes each. The Party held all its Congressional seats, came close to winning back the seat vacated by Watson, and generally avoided any significant loss of ground to the Republicans. As a reward, the Party re-named Fowler Executive Director in January, 1971, and in June, 1972, he was named Chairman as well. He currently holds both positions simultaneously.

While Fowler is by no means devoid of personal political ideology, he has grown more into the mind-set of the professional technician. Fowler's "moderate" Party is still an essentially tenuous coalition of convenience for everyone involved—big business, blue-collar whites (both organized and unorganized), blacks, middle-class white progressives, and old guard party regulars.

The idea is to win elections, and keep on winning—giving what you must to whom you must in order to accomplish that objective. The image is moderate progressivism but the practice is to restrict ideological conflict and factionalism to an absolute minimum. The more important the decision, on issues or candidates, the greater the need to restrict and control the decision making process.

Examples of how the game is played can be obtained by examining two sources. Party platforms, first of all, are carefully drawn to reflect the moderate-progressive image the Party desires. For several years now, the platform has called for somewhat liberal measures on a wide range of issues—health, housing, education, human rights. There is consistently a "normal" discrepancy between any party's platform and its actual performance; the South Carolina Democratic Party's credibility gap approaches the absurd.

A sort of "working platform" can clearly be discerned, on the other hand, from the recent farewell address by retiring House Speaker Solomon Blatt. His outline of what state government should do is reflected in the voting patterns and stated positions of most elected Democrats. The Speaker emphasized protection of big industry, a tightly balanced budget with priority attention to the requisite nuts and bolts of government operations, "...(being) always vigilant against rising beyond our means..."

The major contradiction between the Party's image and its substance can be found in the continuing special deference given to industrial investment in the state. While the other three much-heralded "New South" governors elected in 1970 (Askew, Bumpers, and Carter) all took immediate action to reform tax laws granting special breaks to big business, for example, Governor West has refused to take such action. A recent mild attack on the state's developmental priorities by State Senator Hyman Rubin, brought strong response from spokesmen for the state's government-industrial complex, Fowler concedes that big business continues to be the primary bankroller of the Party, although he has taken no steps to correct this excessive dependency. "I think we (the Party) are responsive to the elements...that support us...(including) the people who contribute substantial amounts of money to us. We have to be," Fowler explains.

The following excerpts are taken from the recent interview with Fowler:

Q. Your close relationships with the black community, and lines of communication with black leadership seem to be fairly consistent ever since your election as YD President in 1965. Would it ever be accurate to say that this is a thread of continuity throughout your career?

A. I guess if I have any unique role to play within the establishment, it would be related to that broad question of race relations, the role of minority groups, black people in particular, in the Democratic Party. To go back to '63 and '64, when the atmosphere and circumstances were quite different, it was and still is a very moral commitment in my own mind.

Q. (The question was a general one about defining the South Carolina Democratic Party in its current institutional form.)

A. I think the Party can be best described in two perspectives: One, who votes for our candidates, and two, what kinds of policies do the candidates follow after they're elected.

There is a very substantial group of Black people who vote for Democrats. The great, overwhelming majority of Black people, have, since 1964, voted Democratic. Added to that, you do get a very substantial number of what you could call working class whites—the blue-collar people. Now, the Democratic strength among that group of people has diminished in the last ten or twelve years, although among white people, that's still the strongest base of electoral support that's still there. You get a pretty good sprinkling of middle class whites, although our share there is distinctly a minority of the total. And most of the candidates and elected officials in the Democratic Party come from middle-class, white socio-economic strata.

In terms of the issues they pursue, South Carolina Democrats are, at least in terms of national politics, moderate, or maybe moderate-conservative. Democrats in the last few years, McNair and West, for example, have been interested in various kinds of social programs on a moderate basis. Food stamps, housing, and that kind of thing. Now, West has, from time to time, moved with some degree of directness, some degree of caution at times, in what you could loosely call the civil rights area. But, the typical stance of the Democratic candidates in South Carolina is moderate, I think. It's not liberal. It's not moss-back conservative.

Q. How do you assess your performance as Executive Director, and later Chairman?

A. I think the only genuinely unique contribution that I have made going back to the '64-'65-'66 period, is that I "greased the wheels," you might say, for broader, and wider, and fuller, and more complete participation on the part of Black people, within the Party structure. I think I've made some contribution towards the building of the organization, training other people in the mechanics of operating campaigns, and organizing political parties at the local level.

I have been disappointed, and I don't think I have accomplished what I wanted to in terms of building a real, strong stable organization that would reach into every county and precinct. Nor have I been as successful as I would have liked in terms of persuading elected officials to more be closely associated and channel more of their operations in and through the Party.

Q. There has obviously been a pretty substantial shift in the Party's electoral base since 1964 and before. Do you think that Democratic elected officials, by and large, have paid their dues to the Black community and to progressive elements who have moved in and supplied the muscle and the votes to keep Democrats in office?

A. That's very difficult to say. A very difficult question to answer. I know some have; perhaps some have not. When you're in office, it's a different perspective than when you're an observer of casual participant. I have heard a good many statements that I think you were referring to, that certain, Democratic elected officials, Party officials, and others do not give proper recognition to the support and help of black people, and there's an element of truth to that.

But on the other hand, there are people of less liberal and more conservative stance who are *just* as much for Fritz Hollings, John West, Bob McNair; and a fellow who becomes Governor, state legislator, whatever, I think necessarily has to take a look at the whole perspective—who voted for him, and what it's going to take to get elected next time, that kind of thing. And, of course, he has to make his judgments against next time, that kind of thing. And, of course, he has to make his judgments against his own feelings, his own principles, his own values.

I think the answer to your question would in large part depend on the values of the person asking or answering it. I have heard criticisms of some of our elected officials to the effect that they pay too much attention to black people, or to liberals or to more progressive causes. And, you know, I've caught a good bit of flack personally for my participation in the McGovern campaign last year. I made a few speeches around, was on television in a few places, in support of Senator McGovern, and I caught a little bit of flack. But, on the other hand, people who liked McGovern thought that was pretty good; in fact, a lot of them criticized me because I didn't support him more openly.

It's really difficult to answer that question. I can see how a charge could be made with respect to West, Hollings, McNair, some of our Congressmen, that they have not done enough in the way of fostering progressive principles. I can see, on the other hand, from the perspective of some people, that there may be a valid criticism that they've gone too far. My own *personal* feeling is that practically they've gone, particularly Governor West, pretty much down the center, realizing what his background and his constituency is, and he's done a pretty good job at doing the progressive things. I would like to see some other Democratic personalities do more than they have. *Personally.*

Q. Have you tried to take advantage of the political realities of the increasing black vot-

Fowler Interview

ing strength to nudge Democratic office-holders in the direction of doing more for blacks and low-income people? Has that been one of your objectives as Party leader?
A. I have always thought that the appropriate role for me to play as an individual in the Party is to try to push in the direction that I thought the Party, and state government should move, but not to push so far or so quickly that the Party and its candidates would get outside the pale of what the public would accept.

There's always the danger, the distinct possibility that the Party and its candidates could move so far to the left that we will just move ourselves out of a position of being in real competition. It is a reality that public opinion in South Carolina and in general throughout the South is more conservative on most issues than it is in most of the rest of the country. This has been proven time and time again through public opinion polls and other indicators.

I think that in looking how far the Party and its elected officials have moved, will move, you have to make a choice as to how fast you want to move in terms of how far you can move and still be acceptable in the minds of the electorate. If we move too fast in a liberal, progressive fashion, it's entirely possible that we will just move right out of being politically effective, and our candidates being electable.

Q. What responsibility do you think Democratic office holders have to exert leadership, to lead people toward more progressive attitudes? What can the Party do here, or are we doomed forever to only the most cautious progress because our's is a "conservative" region?
A. I think for the predictable future, the next decade or so, we will have a difference in Southern opinion on most political questions, from national opinion. I think there will be movement to a more moderate, more national kind of mentality, but you don't change the mass of public opinion over a short period of time outside of some traumatic experience—a depression, or a war, or something else like that.

I think public opinion has changed in South Carolina over the last ten years, rather remarkably. Particularly on the questions of civil rights and race. You see things happening now that ten years ago would just have been completely impossible. I think that the Democratic Party, primarily through its elected officials, has played a role in achieving that change. And I'm right strongly convinced of that.

A Party and its elected officials, I think, have to be both responsible and responsive. Responsive in the sense that elected officials, parties, cannot be so far of or behind the mass of people, that the mass of people won't pay attention to them. I think you have to be close enough to the center of public opinion in whatever constituency you're dealing with, so that you remain a credible source of leadership and information. I think a party and an elected official must be responsible in that, if we are what we are supposed to be, that is, people who pay more attention to government, who have more information about government than the average citizen does, we must genuinely attempt to educate, through various means and techniques, the public. We have a responsibility to lead the public, to maintain this tension, this pull, in the right direction.

Now, as to how far to go, that's the really difficult question. You can get some idea from public opinion polls; they're very helpful. But, sooner or later, you just have to make a seat-of-the-pants judgment in terms of your own values, and your own judgment, objectively, of what you consider to be acceptable, saleable, and just go from that point. Any number of candidates do that. Some do it much better than others, but of course, some people are smarter than others.
Q. Do you perceive any differences between the Party in South Carolina and the parties in other Southern states?
A. Oh, there's an immense, substantial variety. In North Carolina, I think—well, up until last year when their Senatorial and Gubernatorial candidates were defeated, I thought you had the closest analogy and closest pattern to South Carolina politics. I thought what was going on up there was pretty much what was going on down here.

Now, they got beat up there because of a conspiracy of circumstances. If we had had a gubernatorial candidate last year, if we had had (pause)—well, we had a senatorial campaign, but that was, uh, different (laughter)—we might have gotten beat. Last year was just a bad year for a number of reasons, and it wasn't all McGovern's fault, it was just a lot of other reasons, and it was just a lot of other things. But I think generally, the Parties in South and North Carolina, in style, in operations, in electoral base, in approach, in philosophy, are pretty close.

Now, in the case of Virginia, they were of course dominated for fifty years by the Byrd machine. Now, I think, the Virginia Party is an example of a situation in which the Democratic Party attempted to move too fast, too far, too quickly in an ideological sense; and they have in Virginia now, a Party which is distinctly liberal, on the whole. I think it will be some while before they will be genuinely competitive in statewide races. I may be wrong on that point, but I don't think so. Their party operation now in quite different from ours...
Q. One real difference between Governor West and the other three so-called "New South" governors elected in 1970—Askew, Carter, and Bumpers—was that the others all emerged from rather vigorous primaries in which their respective factions prevailed, whereas Governor West was more or less a consensus nominee. Is there not as much intra-party competition in the Party in this state, particularly for the higher offices, and does that reflect a more or less unique absence of factions? If so, is that good for debate and democratic policy-making in a party that is traditionally less structured and more open?
A. Well, obviously I don't think factionalism is good (laughter). In a two-party system, the tension between the two parties takes the place of factionalism within a party.

However, I don't think there is any reason to anticipate a lack of competition in the future within the Party, for high office.

In other areas, such as labor relations, there has not been much change at all. Another is minimum wage legislation—I think that's something that could have moved a little faster than it has.

Q. Why has there not been as much change in economic areas?
A. Politicians by their very nature, and by the nature of the system have got to listen to people who vote. Take the blacks, for example. Morally, I don't think the attitude and actions of most white politicians of the '40s and '50s toward blacks is justifiable at all. But, when blacks got themselves together and began to acquire political muscle, votes, you found that the attitudes of these white politicians changed. This is inevitable in any democratic system.

I think one reason why there has not been more responsiveness to the interests of organized labor is that they have not built the muscle. If they should gain the muscle in the future, you would see the changes come.

I know of two or three cases in this where legislators ran at one point in their careers on Klan support. And in a very short time after that, a matter of two, four, six years, they were running with black campaign managers, and that sort of thing.

Now, you can say this is morally reprehensible, and maybe it is, but the point is that any group, good or bad in terms of my values or your values, that acheive political strength—they're going to gain representation, they're going to get action favorable to their interests and aspirations from the legislators, the Congressmen, the Governors, and so forth. That's just the way this system works.

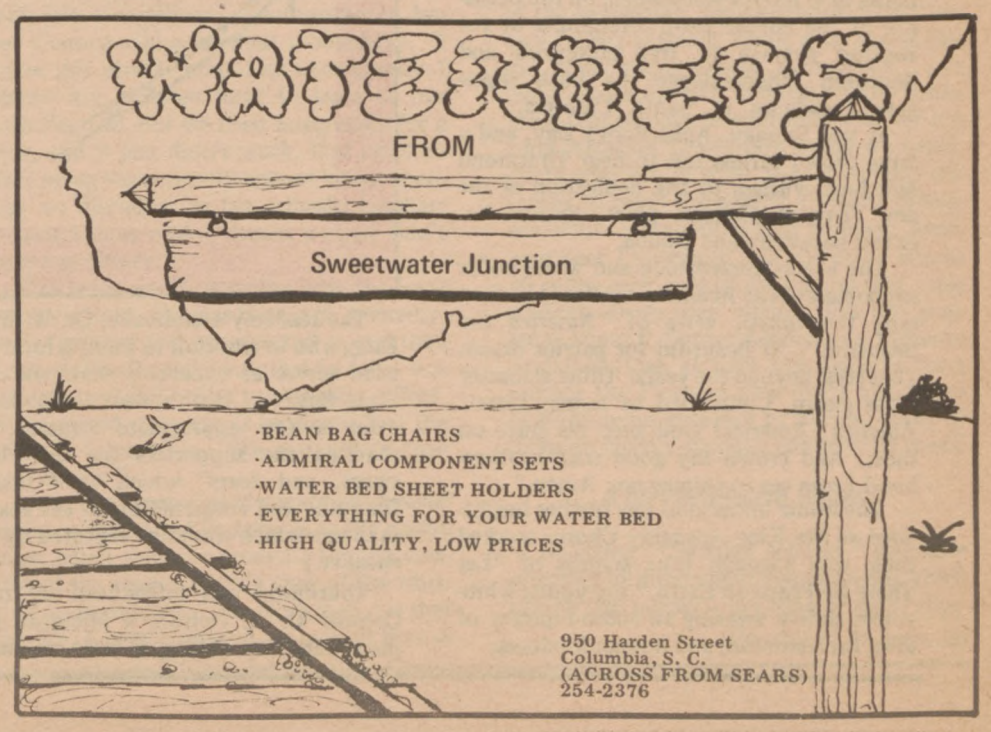
I anticipate a right stiff gubernatorial primary next year. There are distinct differences of opinion within the Democratic Party, both ideologically, sectional and so forth. And, given the right combination of candidates, you could resurrect significant factionalism.
Q. You spoke earlier about changes that have taken place with respect to racial issues. What about economic issues?
A. I don't think there has been as much change in relation to some of these basic economic questions as there has been in the areas of civil rights and race. Although I think there has been some change, such as in the areas of food stamps, housing, health care. True, some of these programs have not been funded as well nor gone as far as some would have liked.

Executive Director Fowler will probably resign his position soon, although Chairman Fowler will seek to remain Chairman for at least the forseeable future. Fowler is restless. He earlier entertained the idea of running for Lieutenant Governor in '74, but now says he is "98%" sure he won't. Still, he is eager to move on to some other full-time occupation, preferably involving greater opportunities to increase his own personal bankroll. Financial problems were major among his reasons for not going after the Lieutenant Governor's job.

It is also possible that the Party is approaching a time of fundamental change from the conditions that made Fowler's services so invaluable. Black political involvement has grown commonplace and accepted to the extent that black support is now vigorously and unashamedly courted by white politicians from all sides. The need for the go-between has diminished. Moreover, blacks are becoming less content with their treatment by Party leaders. Newly emerging black leadership urges increasingly greater black political sophistication and independence. There are also some signs of rebellion against the status quo in state labor circles, and there is no shortage of talk, generally, about building progressive political strength separate from the tight Party control of the past.

Then there's always that "right stiff gubernatorial primary" Fowler anticipates next year. All or some of these factors working in concert could well toll the end of consensus Democratic politics that has controlled South Carolina for more than ten years.

Such a "conspiracy of circumstances" is not likely to victimize the career of Don Fowler, however. His track record speaks for itself, and there is every indication he will be around a lot longer than his enemies on the Left or the Right might wish.



"The free enterprise system is what made America great . . . and the private school movement follows in that tradition . . ."

"But Where Shall Wisdom Be Found?"

by John Norton

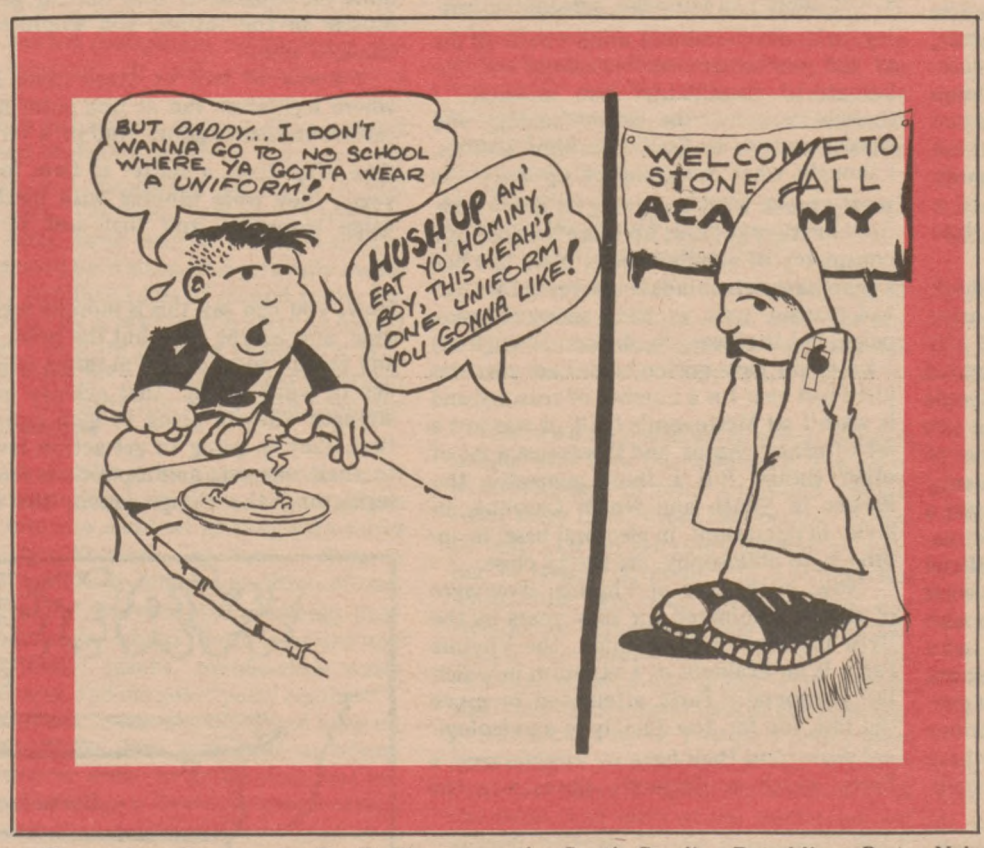
Senator Strom Thurmond flashed his famous smile, took a few rhetorical whacks at the speaker's podium and declared emphatically, "The free enterprise system is what made America great—the strongest nation in the world today—and the private school movement in our state follows in that tradition. Private enterprise creates competition, and the competition created by this movement will make all our schools, public and private, better places to educate our children."

The W. Wyman King Academy gymnatorium was draped in yard after square yard of rippling silk bunting, depicting God, country, South Carolina, and the Confederate dream. Red, white, and blue carnations adorned the stage where Thurmond and officials of King Academy greeted the packed house of WASPish wellwishers on the occasion of the consecration ceremonies of yet another symbol of free enterprise and Southern independence—the 115th segregated academy in South Carolina.

It was Sunday, April Fool's Day, and a large crowd turned out to hear Thurmond and bear witness to the dedication of the new 17-room physical plant, located between Batesburg and Saluda.

The evenly mixed blue and white collar supporters of the Academy hesitated as they sang the fourth verse of "America the Beautiful": 'O Beautiful for patriot dream That sees, beyond the years/ Thine alabaster cities gleam, Undimmed by human tears!/ America! America! God shed his grace on thee,/ And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea. Amen."

The ironic undertone was further heightened as the King Academy Chorus worked their way through four stanzas of "Let There Be Peace on Earth," the young white voices slowly weaving an audio-tapestry of love, brotherhood, and human kindness.


BUT DADDY.. I DON'T WANNA GO TO NO SCHOOL WHERE YA GOTTA WEAR A UNIFORM!
HUSH UP AN' EAT YO' HOMINY, BOY, THIS HEAH'S ONE UNIFORM YOU GONNA LIKE!
WELCOME TO STONE HALL ACADEMY

The academy's namesake, Dr. W. Wyman King, who in addition to being a local physician serves as executive chairman of the State Board of Health, took the podium to offer a few appropriate remarks. King thanked the supporters for the "blood, sweat, and tears" which went into the founding and construction of the academy (a theme which would be repeated by every speaker.)

Thurmond was introduced by retired Colonel C. A. Nelson, a Michigan transplant currently serving as state treasurer of the South Carolina Republican Party. Nelson, who was described by Academy board chairman Dr. Robert W. Owens as a "great supporter" of the school, praised Thurmond for his consistent conservative stand on political issues.

Thurmond began by thanking Colonel Nelson and drawing laughter from the crowd with his comment, "We could use more Yankees like him coming down from the North." The senator then launched into a fifteen-minute speech prefaced with lengthy praise for the dedication, perseverance, and sacrifice of local citizens involved in organizing the school. "This beautiful quarter-million dollar physical plant," he said, "stands as a symbol to quality education."

Thurmond paused at one point in his speech to recognize two prime organizers of the segregated independent school movement, Dr. T. E. Wannamaker of Orangeburg and Dr. George Grice of Charleston. Wannamaker almost single-handedly organized the South Carolina Independent School Association in the early 60s, and today the association represents, according to its own figures, 25,000 white children in 64 schools whose families pay more than $12.5 million annually in tuition alone. Grice, a former state senator and retired president of the College of Charleston, has served the association in a variety of posts, most recently as academic affairs officer. Thurmond described the pair as "true Americans," and said the independent school system was an indication of the vigor and adventure inherent in South Carolinians. "Independent schools," Thurmond admonished, "mean everyone can have a choice about the kind of education they want for their children." The senator blasted the Nixon administration for allowing the Internal Revenue Service to revoke the tax-deductible statuses of 23 private schools in the state during 1972—but failed to mention that the action was taken only after the schools refused to sign a nondiscriminatory admissions statement. (Thirty-six similarly segregated S. C. schools were granted tax-deductible status after signing the paper compliance.)

During his speech, Thurmond mentioned the Strom Thurmond Foundation, which he said was helping about 80 students a year complete their educations. He invited the audience to submit the names of worthy individuals who might need help with tuition costs. "I don't have anything to do with the selections," he said. "I take care of raising the money. But I'm sure your recommendations will receive serious consideration."

The senator closed his remarks with the hope that "the school grows and grows to encompass the two-county area with unselfish service." The standing ovation was lengthy and intense.

A retired minister and teacher at nearby Wardlaw Academy in Edgefield County then led the audience in a consecrative response:

"But where shall wisdom be found?" he intoned. "And where is the place of understanding?"

"Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom!" the audience replied, "and to depart from evil is understanding."

* * *

Senator Thurmond's comment that the S. C. independent school system is an indication of the "vigor and adventure" inherent in (white) South Carolinians is indisputable. An examination of the development of the private system over the past decade reveals the tremendous dedication of many of the state's white citizens to the concept of non-public education—albeit segregated and often less comprehensive than the education offered in the public system.

Prior to the passage of the 1964 civil rights act and subsequent civil rights legislation, South Carolina could boast only 18 non-parochial private schools (ten of which opened long before the 1954 Supreme Court decision in *Brown v. Board)* and assumed an eventual transition to a system of integrated public education. Today, more than 140 non-parochial schools are operating in the state, at least 15 of which are completely segregated. At least 65 of these segregated schools are located in 31 black-majority school districts.

Statewide private school enrollment rose from 15,603 in 1961 to 38,762 in 1971, according to State Department of Education figures. Rough estimates place the amount

of new private school construction in the state over the past ten years somewhere between $50 and $75 million, and annual tuition costs (excluding building fees and other charges) to private school parents totalled more than $20 million during the 1972-73 school year—an average of more than $500 per child.

Private school officials throughout the state are generally quick to deny that this development had anything to do with the desegregation of the public system—or at least to claim that no racial motivations were present. The pattern of private school development, however, appears to be in direct contrast to such statements. During the Johnson administration years (1964-67), when eventual integration became obvious, 32 segregated private schools opened their doors and five others were organized on paper. At the outset of the Nixon administration, private school activity decreased sharply. In 1967-68, only five new segregated schools opened and three more were planned. In 1968-69, as a few districts began to move beyond freedom-of-choice plans, six segregated schools opened and three schools already operating in districts where significant desegregation began to take place saw sharp increases in enrollment.

During the 1969-70 school year, as desegregation gained momentum through the efforts of the federal government and the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, private school activity increased significantly. Fifteen segregated schools opened, three more were planned, and several experienced sharp increases in enrollment. But 1970 was the year when the majority of school districts were forced to integrate, and as school district officials struggled to comply with or avoid court orders and demands by HEW, private school organizers opened 36 segregated academies, many of which were thrown together in a matter of weeks, but still had to turn prospective white students away.

The rise in enrollment was so dramatic that Dr. Wannamaker (himself an organizer of two expensive private academies near Orangeburg) was moved to predict that "within a year," private school enrollment "will be at least 100,000." Wannamaker's optimism proved excessive; at the start of 1971-72 school year, only 11 new segregated schools appeared and enrollments in already established private schools began leveling off. By 1973, the number of new segregated schools opening reduced to four, only one of which claimed an enrollment of over 100 students, and the total private school attendance stabilized below 40,000.

A comparison of private school openings and desegregation activities reveals that 38 schools opened during the first year of significant school integration in their respective districts and 38 other schools enjoyed large increases in enrollment. Seventeen new schools opened after the first year of significant school desegregation.

In the face of such statistics, private school supporters continue to insist that school desegregation and/or racism did not force the development of the independent school system. They cite instead a wide variety of other reasons, the most popular of which deals with quality education, individualized learning, and the proclivity of the public system to hold back its brightest students.

* * *

"Children just aren't getting the kind of education they need in the schools around here," the headmaster of Mims Academy in Dorchester County said. "I was an elementary school principal, and I know."

The headmaster was sitting behind his desk in an office which occupies a small portion of Mim's 12-room pink concrete block schoolhouse and doubles as a supply room. In the poorly-lighted corridors, trash and dirt covered the floors; outside the persistent rain of last winter filled the potholes of the red clay parking lot.

"Our reading program's pretty good," the headmaster told me. "We use phonics. But I'll be frank with you, our math program's not too strong right now." He explained that the school was not accredited yet, "but we'll be accredited by the Independent School Association as soon as we can get a library built." Like most of the new private schools, Mims Academy has no hot lunch program, but relies on bag lunches from home, a nearby hot dog stand, and an early dismissal hour.

The headmaster was proud of the fact that "all but two of my teachers have some kind of college degree. The second-grade teacher has a degree in business administration, but she's real good with the children."

"We try to keep class size down to about 20, and we have one section of grades one through twelve. We've got about three or four on a waiting list for each grade, but not enough to add more sections yet."

The headmaster cited his money problems and added that the school had begun to file for IRS tax-deductible status, but that when the board found out they would have to sign a non-discriminatory statement they decided against it. He thought the school would eventually be enlarged as the public system continued to deteriorate.

"They just can't offer the kind of education we can offer here."

* * *

The facilities and curriculum of Mims Academy are not representative of the majority of recently-created private academies and so-called Christian schools. Roughly 75% of the new schools provide a competent, if limited, educational program and are housed in better facilities. Some new schools, like Beaufort Academy in Beaufort, J. H. Hammond Academy in Columbia, and Wade Hampton Academy in Orangeburg have programs which compare favorably with those of the older, more-established private institutions which have traditionally served white upper-middle class South Carolinians (Columbia's Heathwood Hall Episcopal, Spartanburg Day School, and Porter-Gaud and Ashley Hall in Charleston are examples.) And while the Christian schools generally have a more basic curriculum, they are often housed in modern educational buildings owned by the sponsoring church—many of which have been structurally expanded to provide space for students outside the families of church members.

Most of the new segregated academies have athletic programs, including basketball, soccer, and more recently, football—this is particularly true of S.C.I.S.A.-member schools who participate in the Association's high school athletic league (the Association has held at least one statewide soccer tournament at Clemson University). The better schools usually have gymnasiums and football fields—their poorer counterparts play their games "away." or use local public school facilities in areas where relationships between private school supporters and public school officials are "most cordial." (Mims Academy, for example, used the nearby Harleyville-Ridgeville High School gymnasium for practice sessions during the 72-73 school year. Local blacks complained they were not allowed to enter the gymnasium on Monday evenings when such practice sessions were underway.

Despite athletic programs and fairly solid curriculums, however, most of the new academies have no more to offer in the way of curriculum and teaching staff than the greatest majority of public schools in the state. The academies and Christian schools often rely on retired or disenchanted public school teachers who generally receive lower salaries than those of public school teachers; in the less wealthy areas of the state, these salaries average about $1500 less than those in neighboring public schools. Certification credentials of teachers in the private schools are generally lower than those of public schools also.

Practically none of the new schools offer any vocational or traditional business courses. The academies like to claim they are college-prep, designed to accomodate accelerated students, but the truth is that many of the students attending these schools are not college-bound; a significant number come from lower middle-class, blue-collar families, and while some will go on to college, many will seek employment in fields where vocational skills are needed.

Small classes designed to produce more individualized instruction are another big selling point for private schools, but while a small percentage of such schools have classes of 18 or less, most range from 20-25, only a pupil or two smaller than many public school classes.

The real meaning of the expression "quality education" as it is used by the promoters and spokesmen of independent schools seems to be this: "the influx of black students into the formerly all-white school system has greatly increased the number of slow to moderate learners, and this situation is holding our children back."

This concept is reflected in school brochures and in statements made by headmasters to the effect that "we simply aren't equipped to handle the child with learning disabilities. That's the job of the public system." To what extent slow learners are a negative influence is an unknown factor, particularly in those schools where ability grouping is commonplace. One fact does seem obvious, however; when the slow learners were all white, the burden they prodecued was somehow less onerous

Perhaps the observation made by White Citizens Council President William J. Simmons of Mississippi (where the white folk apparently haven't learned yet the trick of couching their comments in New South platitudes) at the 1969 Hilton Head meeting of the S. C. Independent School Association is most revealing:

"I'm not too impressed by some of these private schoolmen who emphasize quality education," he said. "I know and they know the root of the whole thing is school integration."

Quality education is not the only argument put forth by private school supporters, of course. There's also a lot of talk about the lack of discipline, the presence of violence, busing, federal intervention, and in some quarters, the evils of the permissive society.

Violence

There is little doubt that during the first years of integration the fears of violence expressed by many white parents were genuinely felt. One private school mother in Jasper County said somewhat mournfully, "I know this private school isn't the answer. I realize my children have to learn to live with Negroes. But we tried integration for a year, and it just didn't work. Our children were being beaten on the school buses; there was no discipline in the schools; teachers wouldn't show up for classes; we just didn't have any choice."

She went on to describe how the local private school, Thomas Heyward Academy, was organized and constructed in less than a year (actually eight months) by what was virtually a total white community effort. Wives mixed concrete as husbands laid the school's foundation. "We just didn't have any choice."

A young teacher at Heyward cited racial violence in the public schools as the reason most often given by students for the creation of the academy. "My view of the situation as an outsider," she explained, "is that the white people created a situation here over many years...then bang...it all changed. The whites and blacks rebelled, and when the blacks released pent-up aggressions, the whites reacted strongly to it."

"When I first came to the school, I was appalled at the racial attitudes of the students. They refused to capitalize the word 'negro' in my English grammar classes. Now I see them becoming more humanized. The violence of the first year of integration had made them very bitter."

"During that year, girls were attacked, boys were knifed—parents were afraid to even let their children ride the buses. Had I a child at the same time, I might have been forced to do the same thing."

Blacks in the community have a different point of view concerning the violent unrest during Jasper County's first fully desegregated year. They indicate that the violence was double-edged and that their concern over the lack of discipline was at least equal to that of the whites. In a public statement during the short life of the fully integrated system. one black community leader charged that "black pupils are made to ride in the back of the school buses. And that's not all. The drivers sometimes deliver the blacks to their doors, and at other times make them walk long distances."

"Not long ago," the black leader continued, "a white girl struck a black girl at Ridgeland High School. The black girl struck back and was suspended for two weeks. Later the class testified that the white girl struck first, but there was no discipline action against the white girl."

A white public school administrator in neighboring Beaufort County, where similar reports of violence hurried the establishment and growth of three private schools, claims such reports have been exaggerated. "For the most part," he said, "the kind of violence between black and white students is the same kind of violence I saw every day for 30 years as a teacher and administrator. Difference was, then we had all the blacks over here fighting in one school and all the whites over here fighting in the all-white school."

Busing

Busing to achieve racial balance is often cited by private school supporters as one more reason why they left the public system. "If the new busing plan is carried out," one white Beaufort mother explained, "children will have to ride as much as 50 miles each day. This is just too much to ask."

While busing plans have been enacted in some school districts, particularly in urban areas, in most places the busing situation has not changed radically. Blacks and whites were bused equally long distances to segregated public schools prior to integration.

A survey of]rivate school transportation offers an even more persuasive defense against this line of argument. Well over 50% of the segregated private schools have their own busing systems, albeit with names like the "Benevolent Busing Association," and many buses operate in multi-county areas. Most schools charge additional fees for bus transportation. In addition, many white students who live in rural areas drive long distances to reach the nearest all-white private academy. A student at Roy Hudgens Academy near Lynchburg said she drove almost 40 miles each way to school and that some students drove even further. The headmaster at James F. Byrnes Academy in Florence explained that at least 128 students from outside the Florence area drove an average of 40-50 miles each day to Byrnes, many of them on heavily-traveled commercial roads.

The Permissive Society

So-called "Christian schools," generally operated by fundamentalist churches which preach the religious doctrine of racial sepa-

(Continued on page 12)

Private Schools

(Continued from page ll)

ration, account for about 25% of the total private school enrollment in the state. Unlike the private segregated academies, which are most highly concentrated in the black-majority counties and school districts, Christian schools are found uniformly all over the state, and in Piedmont counties where the private academy movement is extremely weak due to the large white enrollments in the public schools, Christian schools make up the bulk of the private student population.

The advocates of Christian schools are less concerned with the issues of quality education than their academy counterparts. Drawing their students almost entirely from fundamentalist blue-collar families, the Christian schools concentrate on the decaying morals of the society at large. They insist that the public schools reenforce the values of the permissive society and that a Christian education is essential to counteract this evil. Such schools rely heavily on Bible-teaching, prayer, and a very basic 3 R's curriculum.

A typical brochure from the Calvary Christian School of Walterboro reads: "Bible is a required subject at Calvary Christian School. No other book can enrich the mind and heart and can prepare one for an effective life as this 'Best Seller' of all times. A Christian School is privileged to use this important tool in the work of character building, which is perhaps the most necessary task of a school. It far excels all other courses offered in this school in laying a sure foundation of moral and spiritual values in a day of moral decay and spiritual apostasy."

Unlike their richer counterparts operated by more progressive churches, which teach a New Testament religion based on love, service, and at least token integration, the more fundamental Christian schools prefer the Old Testament doctrine of hellfire and damnation, tempered with a theory of racial inferiority and a generous dose of right-wing politics. Discipline is immediate and severe and any eagerness on the part of the students to explore ideas outside the doctrine of the school is quickly squelched.

But despite all the talk about the secular society and the need for a good Christian education, the development of such Christian schools is tied directly to the advent of integration. One-third of the 34 schools of this type now operating opened during the first year of significant desegregation in their districts. Only two were in operation prior to 1965 and all witnessed sharp increases in enrollment at the time of integration. At the Calvary Christian School mentioned above, Georgia's segregationist governor (now lt. governor) Lester Maddox, who also serves as a trustee of fundamentalist Bob Jones University, delivered the opening address.

Another line from the Calvary school brochure puts it most succinctly: "Attending Calvary Christian School is a privilege, not a right."

Federal Intervention

During an organizational meeting in 1970, a spokesman for the then about-to be-formed Cambridge Academy in McCormick County stated that rapid progress was expected in the formation of the school "in view of the federal government's taking over direction of the public school system and indicating no let-up in taking control of public education." (Ironically, one of the charter directors of Cambridge Academy was McCormick native Fred Buzhardt, then general counsel for the Defense Department and currently special counsel to the President in charge of the White House Watergate investigation.)

Other individuals in the private school movement have been even more emphatic about their feelings toward federal intervention in the public schools. In a recent conversation, S.C.I.S.A. official Dr. George Grice described the conflict between federal and local control of the public system as "a fight to the death."

"If you turn over education to the federal government, you've had it," he said. "Do you know the two things the Communists and Nazis consider most important in gaining control over a country? The system of education and the secret police. Once they get that, they can take over in a year-and-a-half."

Grice claims that the Nixon administration has declared war on private schools. "The left-wingers in Nixon's office told him that unless private schools were eliminated they would wreck integration, so he had to give assistance. So Nixon prepared a memorandum which turned loose the Internal Revenue Service and all the other government departments." Grice said the meeting from which this memorandum was issued took place several years ago. "We had one of our people at the meeting," he explained. "The Negroes told Nixon 'if you don't sign (the memorandum) today, we're going to burn down your cities this summer."

Grice is bitter about the revocations of tax-deductible status of 22 S.C.I.S.A.-member schools last year. The I.R.S. action was taken after the schools refused to sign a non-discriminatory admissions statement, required of all private schools since July 10, non-discriminatory admissions statement, required of all private schools since July 10, 1970. "They'll never find all of our schools," he said, "we've got them out in the woods and back in the swamps where the revenuers won't go. If they do come, we've got one answer and that's a shotgun."

Grice's statements are unusually blunt in this day of New South moderation. Most independent school supporters are satisfied to stick with traditional states rights arguments, but invariably the discussion returns to the Warren Court, HEW, the NAACP, civil rights enforcement and the elimination of freedom-of-choice.

Freedom of Choice

Denied the right by the federal government to a freedom of choice in the public school system, private school supporters elected to create a new 'freedom of choice,' and were willing to pay for it. And if the small minority of whites who have left the public system are willing to bear the huge financial burden (about $7,000 for the first child's education from kindergarten through high school), then why all the fuss? After all, the First Amendment guarantees the right to freedom of association, doesn't it?

This line of argument holds up only so long as private schools remain private associations and do not directly affect the performance of the state's public education systems. In the majority of public school districts, private school impact has been limited to a loss of attendance and subsequent loss of state and federal funds. While the loss of such funds have had varying consequences in such school districts, the problem lies not so much with the supporters of the private schools as with the state's system of financing public education.

In some districts, however, particularly black-majority districts in the low country where most whites have abandoned the public system, the impact of what is in effect a new dual system has had consequences far beyond a simple loss of attendance.

Next week, Osceola *will examine districts in several counties where the separation of the public and private systems is by no means clearly defined, and where the involvement of white politicians and public school officials in private school activities raises serious questions concerning the commitment to maintain and improve the quality of public education.*

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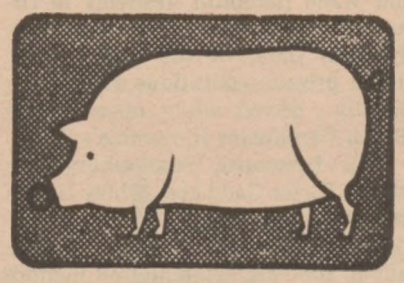

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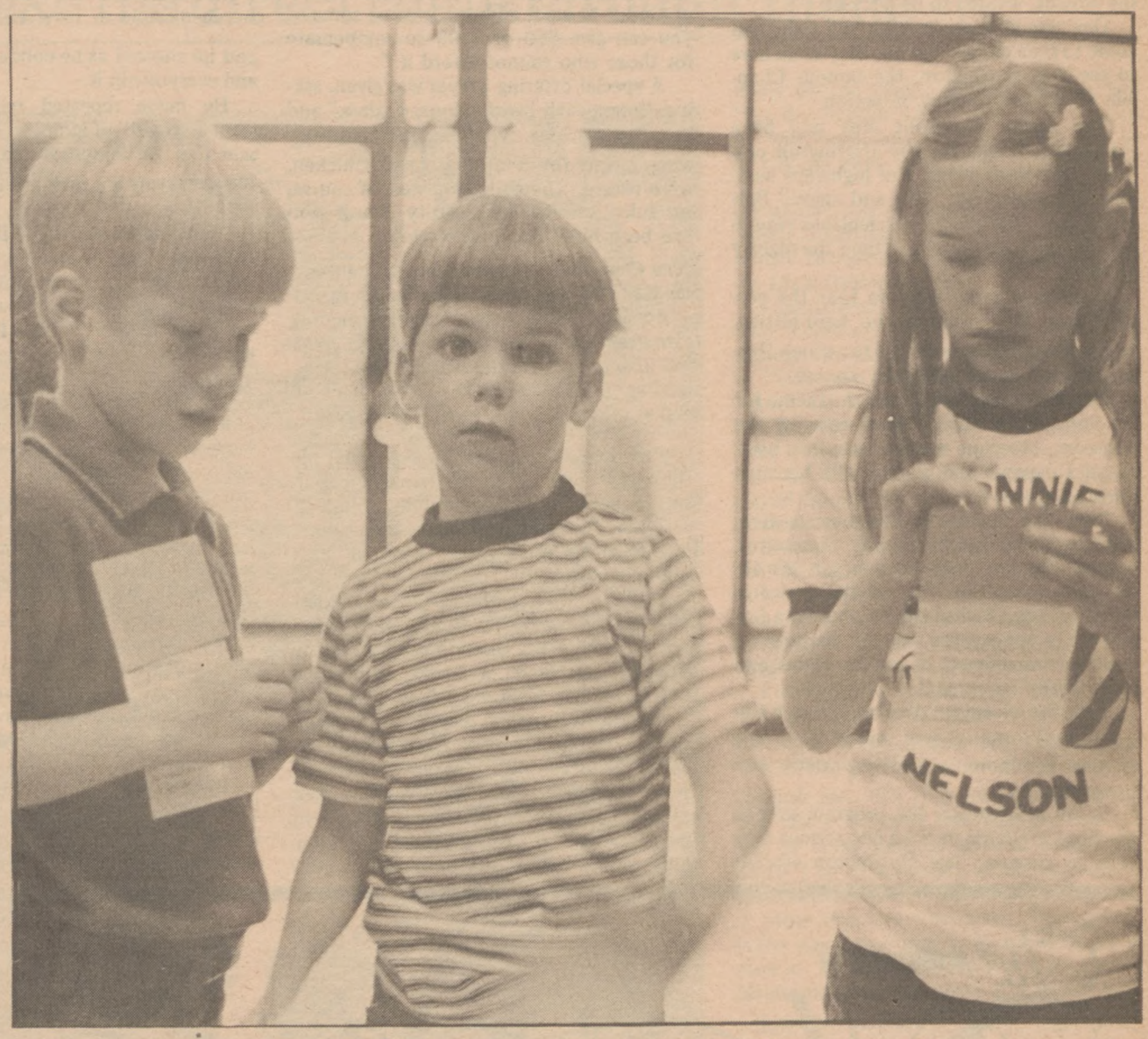
The Arts

Our Young Poets

"What the hell does a fifth-grader know about reality . . ."

by Gary Ligi



OUR POETRY

We learn how to write poems.
She tells us our words we need to know.
We lie to her.

This poem was written by Billy Edgerton and Robert Locklear, fourth-graders at Satchel Ford School. They are among the thousands of public school students in this state who are now teaching us about the future--thanks to the South Carolina Poets-In-The-Schools Program. What will the future be like? If my experience with a similar program in Arkansas and the samples of student poetry available in a number of anthologies including *The New Janitor's Nose And Other Poems* (edited by Dale Alan Bailes and published by the South Carolina Arts Commission, 1973) are any indication--the future looks pretty bleak.

I don't think this is my pessimism speaking.

Until last year, I had come to believe that my generation had plumbed the absolute depths of pessimism and bad-taste. After all, I had grown accustomed to having my elders approach me after a reading to ask the usual: "You seem like such a nice young man. Why can't you write about anything nice?" In the freshman classes I taught at the University of Arkansas, students would periodically inquire: "Why are you always so negative?" I find myself drawn to the poetry of Bukowski, Berryman, Dugan, Merwin, and Michaux. I read *National Lampoon* every month. I feel a kinship with Vonnegut, Barth, Pynchon, Friedman, Heller and the rest of the "black humorist." I listen to The Mothers and think Hunter S. Thompson is an all right guy. It had taken me many years to master my sense of absurdity, despair, and savage indignation. I figured no one could do more.

I was wrong.

The concept of obscenity is fast becoming obsolete. True, we still have court rulings on an occasional movie, or more rarely a book, but what fictive work could hope to approach the perversity of those classic live-from-the-front-lines-in-dying-color reports during the height of the Vietnam war? And pessimism may very well be the sweetness and light for the future. The Arkansas public school children taught me that. They didn't want fun and games, poetic justice, gentle songs of gentle love, or hymns to some quietly benevolent diety. They wanted Michael Casey's *Obscenities*, last year's Yale Series of Younger Poets award winner. They wanted poems about death, mutilated Vietnamese peasants run down by American tanks, murder, rape, injustice, vengeance, horror--the darkness without the comedy. These are the children many of my generation have consciously chosen not to produce. A clockwork what?

It has become commonplace in many of our cities to hear of children under ten setting fire to drunks and derelicts. Suicide has now become the second greatest killer of Americans under 25. In Pennsylvania, a group of young boys kept an old woman locked in her apartment for several days, alternately raping and torturing her while they stole whatever they could pawn. In one city, a six-year-old boy pumped three .22 caliber slugs into a playmate's chest and then pleaded: "Get up Johnny. The game's over." The victim usually pops up alive and well on another station in an hour or two.

WHO'S REALLY ASLEEP?

I dreamed about running, not running
with Silly-Putty dragging feet, but office
running. I was trying so hard, but the blank, closed
faces stared and didn't understand my speeches,
my meanings. Why doesn't an alarm clock go off somewhere
to wake us all up?

Ann Todd
12th Grade
Camden H.S.

One of the first traumas I received in the Poets-In-The-Schools Program in Arkansas involved a fifth grade boy who really didn't believe in anything. I will say that much for myself and my friends--we do believe in--or at least care about--something: even if it's only trying to keep the world from going away, that's still something. At any rate, I had been reading a number of "safe" poems to the class, happy things, gimmicky poems to entertain, retain their interest, and make them laugh. One boy kept frowning. He didn't fidget. He just sat there and frowned, his dark eyes like cold marbles of disdain. The class attempted a collaborative poem constructed of lies. The boy continued to frown. Finally, he asked: "Why don't you read us something real?"

Something real! At that moment, I experienced what can best be described as adult chauvinism: what the hell does a fifth-grader know about reality?

POEM

I took a look for youth one day
in the dictionary.
The New World Edition
And I found:
"inexperienced, young in years, immaturity"
in other words I found discrimination
Even in the New World Edition

Marcia Gilliam
10th Grade
Airport H.S.

I asked what he meant. He said he meant death. His teacher frowned. I had found a brother in the fifth grade in Mountainburg, Arkansas.

How had this come to pass? I grew up in New York wearing dogtags during the Korean War and following--while the Cold War and the threat of nuclear holocaust was very real to the American public. People were looking for Communists behind every book. Death should have been an immediate entity, almost a person one could lay down with at night. But in the fifth grade, death wasn't real to me. It was something that happened to the friends of people I knew only vaguely. It wasn't very real to most of my childhood friends, many of whom are now very, very dead.

THE CAPE

Where I was born.
The birds fly.
They screech silently.
The waves crash.
Let me go back.
Please!

Joyce Gregory
10th Grade
Sumter H.S.

But there in Mountainburg, Arkansas--a town of less than 500 people with no crime and only an occasional traffic fatality--a fifth-grader told me death is real. Something has changed. Perhaps it was the program itself allowing the young to put into words those things they really thought about--things I had since forgotten having thought in the wretched process of growing up. Perhaps this boy was just another fluke--like me--who came to a sense of ultimate annihilation a little earlier than most. In the back of my head, though, a little thought kept screaming: *What if they're all like him?*

ME GROWING UP

I dreamed that Debi came back.
I wish she would.
Things haven't seemed right since she moved
Even when she comes to visit,
She's not the same girl I knew.

Debi Langley
12th Grade
Camden H.S.

I began to notice a flair for extreme irony in the poetry of the very young, knowing smiles when I examined a particularly terrifying line a child had come up with, a fascination with the truly grotesque. Above all, these children were observant to the point of devastation from time to time. They *knew* what was going on.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln was a boy
Who studied hard
Until he was 17th
President of the United
States,
But it isn't so great
Because he was shot
in the back of the Brain.

Sherri Dunlap
Grade 4
Westminster Elementary

(Continued on page 19)

The Bob Harrington Show

by Marilyn W. Thompson and Phil Pruitt

The smiling, Bible-carrying crowd outside Clemson's Littlejohn Coliseum was energetic, to say the least.

They came in busloads. Groups of laughing church members unloaded and hurried toward the doors. Seats were on a first-come, first-serve basis, and no one, not even the little children who ran excitedly through the crowds, wanted to be left out.

One would have thought the folks had come to see a circus—but no, they were here to see Bob Harrington, the famous Chaplain of Bourbon Street, in action.

The entire Piedmont area had been primed for weeks for the Harrington crusade. Billboards along the highways summoned travelers to "hear and enjov" Bob Harrington, and every conscientious church had organized groups to attend the nightly services.

Now they were ready to hear the gospel. And they wanted the hard-hitting, name-calling, old-time gospel for which Harington has become nationally known.

"It's Fun Being Saved" was the theme for the June 17-24 affair. Upon entering the Coliseum, everyone received a button bearing that message and wore it with beaming Christian pride.

Once the spectators had been seated, still chattering noisily among themselves, musical director Jack Price began his 45-minute presentation. He led the crowd in several rousing revival hymns and did a few solos. His songs were "mod," featuring a taped accompaniment of guitars, drums, and other freaky instruments.

With the exception of a few staunch traditionalists, the crowd loved him and clapped for more, which they got in large quantity.

Soon Jack turned the program over to the finance chairman, who had serious business to discuss. The Harrington crusade needed money—$8,000 to be exact.

The finance chairman told of how he had personally sacrificed for the crusade. "I have made long distance calls and paid for them myself, and last night I gave $100."

"I'm asking you tonight to do something I believe most people here can do, I ask you to give $2 apiece for the glory of God," he said, adding, "maybe some of you can give $50 or $200 to compensate for those who cannot afford it."

A special offering prayer was given, asking, "open each heart's door, Father," and then the buckets, which looked like they were meant for Kentucky Fried Chicken, were passed. The collection was, of course, carefully watched by security guards who had been hired for the occasion.

The Clemson crusade budget for the week was $28,000 all of which had to be raised by donations. Members of the Harrington team stressed that no one was making a great deal of money from the crusade. In fact, as Harrington said later in the week, "Out of $8,000 in salaries, I only get $600 a week."

They had just finished singing, "Give Me That Old Time Religion," when Bob Harrington bounded to the podium.

Calling himself a "spiritual cheerleader," he greeted his admirers with a sound "kick on the haunches."

"How can we expect a Holy God to bless a hellish America?" he yelled. Harrington had watched with disappointment as the collection was taken, and now scolded the crowd for their stinginess.

He said that if they were true Christian people, they would have given freely, and that his finance chairman would not have to "beg for money to do God's work." Also, he said, there would be no empty seats in the Coliseum if the Christians of the "Bible Belt" were as holy as they pretended to be.

Harrington seemed furious as he pounded, jumped, and kicked the stage, denouncing the sad state of "The Sleeping Church in a Sinful World."

"The church is a sleeping giant that needs to be roused out of her sleeping," he exclaimed.

Harrington did not look like the typical church disciple of love. His eyes spit fire, and he sneered as he condemned the world and everyone in it.

He made repeated references to the "small crowd" of almost 5,000 people, and said that Littlejohn would be full of paying spectators if a rock group were performing.

"On Judgement Day, I'm not going to have the blood of anyone in the Piedmont on my hands," Harrington claimed, mentioning his soul-saving revival held two years ago in the Coliseum. "But I'd be afraid," he continued, "if I were some of the preachers around here."

He said that some of the laziest, most "mealy-mouthed" people he had ever seen were preachers. "A whole town could be going to hell and the local preacher would be running church bulletins off on the mimeograoh machine," he sneered.

"Today God is transforming man from something into nothing," Harrington said later in the week. "It says in the Bible that God turned water into wine; well, today God is turning winos into preachers."

Harrington claimed that he was not the average, run-of-the-mill preacher. He said that unlike those who have to answer to certain people or organizations, he answers to no one and is afraid of no one but God.

By this time, the crowd was ecstatic. Brother Bob, as he is known on Bourbon Street in New Orleans was telling them what they wanted to hear. They were going to hell as sure as the world, unless they let Bob lead them to righteousness.

Harrington strayed a bit from his text and got on the subject of Washington and the national government.

He warned the crowd against the dangers of the Nixon-Brezhnev conference. He referred to Brezhnev as an "atheistic country-founder" one night, and reminded the audience that Karl Marx made the statement that Christianity was Communism's worst enemy.

"I wish Mr. Nixon had presented Brezhnev with a Bible when he arrived from Russia," he criticized.

Harrington told the audience that he will soon begin a crusade in Washington, D. C., where he plans to lay it on the line to the country's politicians, President Nixon included.

"I love my president and pray for him every night," Harrington mentioned, "but he'll get it in the britches just like everyone else."

Harrington's "hodge-podge" sermon soon came to an end. He closed with the traditional singing of "Just As I Am" and the crowds came forward. Young and old alike, some weeping, hurried to the front, and couples came to ask blessings on their marriages or relationships.

The Coliseum floor was filled by those who responded to Harrington's plea. There was no laughing now, no children running up and down the aisles. All was very quiet as the "holy spirit worked."

A change had also come over Harrington. He was no longer the boisterous, booming evangelist with his "hellfire and damnation" attitude. Instead, he spoke in whispers, and sounded as if he would cry for joy at God's workings in the audience.

Then it was over. People were saved, and the organ sounded a light-hearted tune as the crowd filed out and climbed aboard their buses, many of them waiting to be taken to a nearby Hardee's for burgers and shakes.

It's fun being saved.

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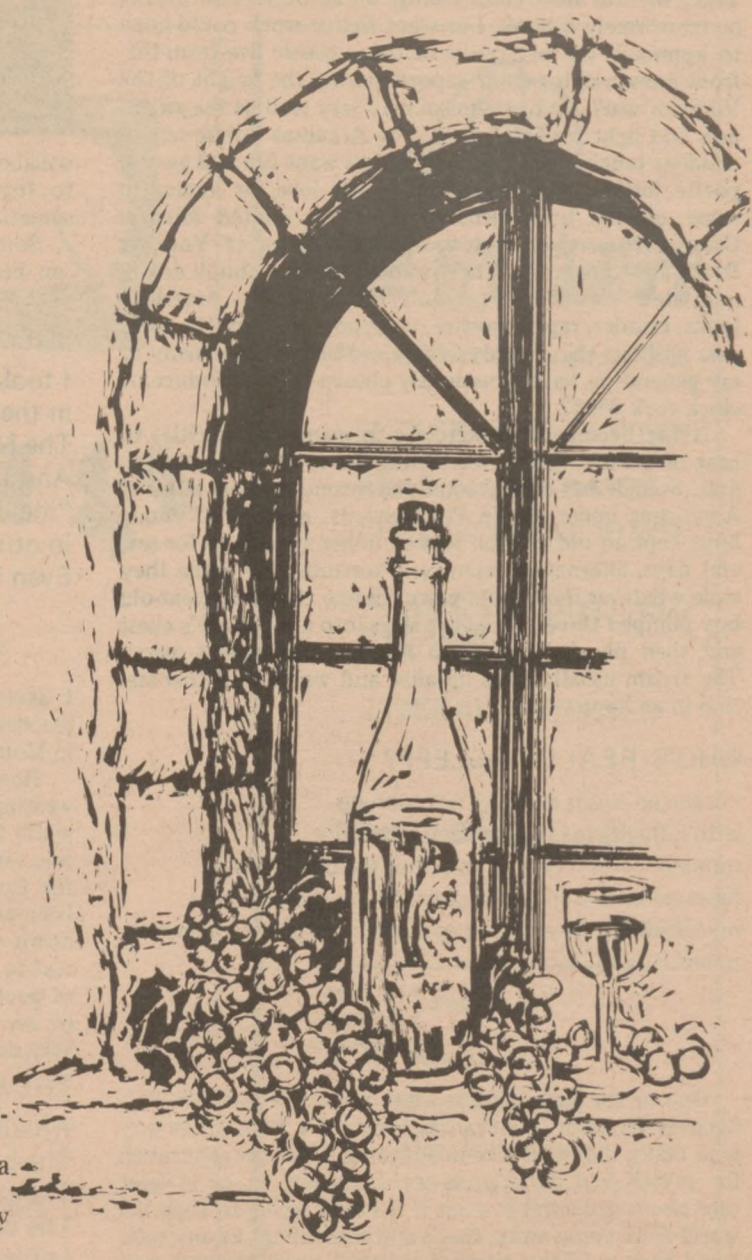

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Music/Paul Simon

What's News With Simon

"Rather than just a bridge over troubled waters, Simon's looking for a way to take the direct route through them."

By Tom Priddy

I was one of the ones who never reacted to a news program quite the same way after first hearing Simon and Garfunkel's "7 O'Clock News/Silent Night" from their *Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme* album. With that combination of a distressing radio program and a peaceful hymn occasionally popping up in my mind it was hard from then on to sit through the 7 o'clock news without hearing a vocal drifting in and out of the background. It was, in a way, the final realization by the performers of the job they had been doing. And it was the obvious combination of what Paul Simon had always done so well: beautiful music and disturbing words.

At times after that album it was even possible to let my mind drift a little to the point that I was visualizing Simon sitting at the fake wood grain desk, actually subbing for Walter Cronkite. Invariable the news was bad. Another suicide, a failure to communicate, loneliness, paranoia, worry. It didn't matter if that were Simon singing it to us, or if it really were Cronkite. Simon gave us the news summary best, if not first, and it was frequently depressing. Just like the real thing.

It would be a surprise to think Paul Simon never envisioned himself as a newsman, because so many of his songs are based around real events, imagined events, or a combination of both. His vignette style, only one of his three of four styles of writing, was almost a forerunner to today's personal journalism.

"Save The Life Of My Child," from the *Bookends* album, is lifted right from the papers. "Though it never made the New York Times, in the Daily News the caption read, 'Save the life of my child,' cried the desperate mother."

That particular song came near the end of Simon's career with Art Garfunkel and it showed a maturation of his news style. Songs like "A Most Peculiar Man" from the earlier *Sounds of Silence* album were straightforward news pieces with a moral. "That song was written in England," Simon said, "because I saw a newspaper article about a guy who committed suicide."

By the time he got to *Bookends* and "Save The Life," there were "no good times, no bad times, there's no times at all, just the New York Times." And by Simon's first solo album the direct references to the news were all but dissolved into developed ideas, but the themes were much like the older ones, with the vignette developing from the news story. The ideas were still troubling because the writer was still troubled.

More than anything, his first solo album, *Paul Simon*, was a breaking down of false beliefs in an attempt to find something he could reassure himself with. When he sang, "Well, I would not give you false hope on that strange and mournful day," from "Mother and Child Reunion," he was taking his entire history of depressing songs and laying them right out in the open. He could never again write an idealistic song like "Emily," nor would he ever again be supported by a belief he couldn't substantiate.

If that was the case with his first album, then his second, *There Goes Rhymin' Simon* (Columbia), is the start of search for real things to believe in. For the first time the news is consistently good, and the message is unusally reassuring, especially in the light of his abandonment of false ideals on his first album. The world hasn't changed, just the outlook.

Right from the start of the album, Simon begins making references to past songs. The themes are all similar, but the vehicles are quite different. Through a slapping, pounding beat on "Kodachrome" Simon again recalls his ideals but this time he understands the difference between his illusions and his realities. He claims a reunion of all the girls he knew when he was single "would never match my sweet imagination. Everything looks worse in black and white." But those color slides always make things look better than they really are, and sometimes even his own songs made them look that way, too.

Contrast this with "Peace Like A River" from his first solo album. "You can't dream the history train" is really about the same as the sentiment in "Kodachrome," but "Peace" was disturbing because of its vision of a city full of conflict, and ultimately the song had no resolution. The narrator knew he was "going to be up for a while" trying to understand the situation. But he didn't know why.

Almost like another piece of the same puzzle comes "American Tune," which is every bit as analytical as the songs from his first album. But this time even though he experiences a dream of the Statue of Liberty drifting out to sea in a huge American conflict, he ends the song by bringing the entire dream back to reality. "Tomorrow's going to be another working day and I'm trying to get some rest. That's all, I'm trying to get some rest." If it doesn't completely resolve the problem it at least has him under the assurance that it can eventually be dealt with, and in this case he doesn't spend a restless night worrying.

Backed by a soft acoustic accompaniment and pumping horn section for emphasis, "American Tune" drifts in and out of a string-accompanied dream, and in and out of summary thoughts on America. It begins with a tune taken from a hymn called "Oh Sacred Head Surrounded," and develops from that light, reverent base. The hymn provides a touch with religion that Simon never really states, but often implies.

His many past references to laying his body down ("Bridge Over Troubled Water") and running his body down ("Run That Body Down") are also answered here with "St. Judy's Comet" and "Take Me To The Mardi Gras." "St. Judy's Comet" is a beautiful love song to his song, as he sings him to sleep one evening. Maracas provide a calm but eerie feeling, like a still night with cicadas busy making noise. He simply asks his son to lay his body down to a peaceful sleep because when he awakens he wants the boy to keep the sparkle of the comet in his eyes. But first things first, and reality before illusion, as the boy goes off to sleep.

"Mardi Gras" is certainly the most delightful piece on the album; the sort of thing that will completely relax your body so you find yourself lying in little melted pools on the floor. In this case he will "lay my burden down" not as an illusion he will keep, but as one he can use to briefly get away from it all. Like most of the album, this cut was recorded in Muscle Shoals, Alabama, with the help of an excellent background group of singers called the Dixie Hummingbirds.

"Tenderness" calls for some feeling behind honesty, what he has been trying through this album and the last to do. And in "One Man's Ceiling is Another Man's Floor" he answers his own "Everything Put Together Falls Apart" by saying everything depends on your outlook. In "Ceiling" he contrasts a soft, flowing piano, played beautifully by Barry Beckett, with harsh piano lines.

In both "Tenderness" and "Learn How To Fall," (which is the only slightly flawed cut on the album--it's a bit too strong in its preaching) he calls for tenderness and thought to be put behind all his future songs.

Finally there is one song which deals with the changes he's made more than any other. In "Something So Right" he admits that when something goes right "it's apt to confuse me. It's such an unusual sight." But just as his wife has reassured him ("I was in crazy motion 'til you calmed me down") he wants to try in his own way to find reassurance in his music.

More than any other song, "Something" is the most reassuring to all of us. A group such as, say, Seals and Crofts, who sing of ideals and goals but never give us any indication that they've ever failed. They never let on that they're human and can fail at even their own goals. Simon, on the other hand, admits he's confused by success and doesn't know how to handle it. He was "in crazy motion" even while telling us what was going on in the world. He's trying to find his own way of saying what's on his mind. It's the most reassuring thing he could say. Even more reassuring than the album's outlook on the whole.

If Paul Simon were to report the news today, after recording *There Goes Rhymin' Simon*, it simply wouldn't be the same, and thankfully so, as his "Richard Cory" days of depression and paranoia. Rather than just a bridge over troubled waters, he's looking for a way to take the direct route through them.

Rhymin' Simon is generally low key and very melodic, and there isn't a bit of it that isn't easy to listen to. Most of the ideas on the cuts are quite simple--usually reality versus illusion--but Simon gives them an extra twist that makes them quite extraordinary. It's really these twists that make the album so enjoyable. And you don't have to know any of Simon's musical history to notice a very content, loving, warm person who is trying in the way he knows best to give some sort of meaning to his life.

But to those of us who always looked at Simon as a sort of barometer of the times, and who listened to Simon and Garfunkel's lovely but troubling albums during our own worst fits of depression, then *Rhymin' Simon* is a real spiritual uplift and a great deal of help in trying to put our own troubled pasts to rest. Whatever follows can never be the same, and that's the best news of the album. *Paul Simon* wasn't meant to be enjoyed as much as it was meant to be felt. His newest album, however, can just as easily find room for both. A lucky break for all of us.

Media

The French Line

"I love Charleston as if I was born here . . . but I don't appreciate the second class citizenship . . ."

by Jon Buchan

The black-painted exterior of the four-room office of the *Charleston Chronicle* located on the corner of King and Cannon streets, stands out among the carefully quaint, pastel-colored buildings of that carefully preserved city. Inside at his typewriter sits Jim French, the 43-year-old editor and publisher of the young weekly newspaper which he started only 20 months ago with a $2,000 bank loan. ("The loan was unsecured. I didn't own a damn sack of dirt.") French is dressed casually, his mustache trim and his hair short. He immediately offers an air of confidence and purposefulness. Behind his desk rest two knick-knacks: a framed poem entitled "Climb 'Till Your Dream Comes True," and a sculpture of a raised clenched black fist. Since the paper's inception, his devotion to reporting—with a personal and often emotional writing style—on black people, black affairs, and black events, has attracted a weekly circulation of over 15,000 and a recent award as one of the top three black newspaper colnists in the nation.

The *Chronicle* is a unique voice in South Carolina—black people writing about and for black people and about the effects of political and social change (or the lack of it) on black people. The *Chronicle*'s voice is largely that of French himself, who, assisted by a few unpaid helpers, writes most of the news copy, as well as his column "The French Line." Few daily newspapers would define his news coverage as "objective," but French simply laughs off what he considers their short-sighted concept of objectivity. Instead of merely reporting a press conference, he is interested in communicating to black people *how* these decisions on public issues can affect them. In short, an event is newsworthy to French because it has a good or bad effect on the future of black people in South Carolina.

French's tone is not stridently militant or anti-white. He is a man whose philosophy is a potent blend of principle and practicality which permits him open and comfortable relationships with honest whites as well as a personal closeness to black nationalists such as Columbia's Redfern II. He is interested in educating whites as well, and a large percentage of his readership is made up of white people.

French was born in Kansas City, Kansas, and near the end of his 20-year Navy career found himself stationed in Charleston. Though he liked Charleston enough to make a home for his wife and three children, he came to deplore the conditions of black people there. Even more tragic than the poor standard of living of most of the city's blacks, he felt, was their failure to take advantage of their opportunities to improve their condition through political power and individual awareness. Communication, he decided, was the key.

"I think this town has so much potential for the black man, and I get the feeling that unless someone seeks to bring about a change, it will always remain a little, sleepy-eyed, cotton boll town. The potential is there—Charleston is more than half-black—the inner city is 52 per cent black people—but the ratio of black employment, say, in the city administration, is not two per cent. This town has no great percentage of black-owned businesses. You take the average black man, he works for somebody else. The only guy that's in business is what we call these house-nigger types and politicians who have gotten where they are through the help of white people.

"I love this town as if I were born here. It's my kind of town, but I don't appreciate the second-class citizenship that makes me feel that my child will have to one day go through the same hassle to get a job where I spend my damn money. It's a case of economics and so we try to educate black folks about how they shouldn't go borrow money at 18 per cent interest from these loan sharks down on King Street when they can go down to the federal credit union run by black people and for 6 per cent interest do the same thing.

"We try to tell the black man when he goes down to buy a car, 'Do you see a black salesman? Do you see a black lady in the office? If you don't ask about it quietly.' We spend millions buying automobiles and spend millions buying furniture. But all the shops are basically manned by white people and it's black money they're getting all the time. So I just feel that we should be getting part of the pie if we're going to spend our dough."

French is motivated by a fierce sense of journalistic integrity—he feels the media, and particularly that directed to the black community—should have strong public interest editorial content and move away from concentration on entertainment. He worked for several months as a sales manager at WPAL, a black-oriented radio station in Charleston owned by Brothers Broadcasting Company, which has a board of directors composed of prominent blacks and whites. He left there because he felt he was accomplishing little to help the black community. Since he started the *Chronicle*, French has frequently dug his quill into the hides of WPAL and other stations for encouraging "young blacks to walk around all day, with an earphone in their ear—transistorized and good-footing with James Brown all day and nothing else."

French's definition of objectivity is evident in his lack of hesitation in attacking any individual or institution he feels is in some way detrimental to the black community. Politicians, other newspapers, local hospitals, Charleston's only-recently desegregated fire departments and a host of others have been the targets of his pointed, indignant, and often witty criticisms. Race is not a criterion for receiving or avoiding editorial criticism from the *Chronicle*. French is frequently bitterly critical of those members of the community who are debt-ridden but own flashy possessions, those well-to-do who ignore black poverty, and black "leaders" who give their own interests priority over those of the black community. He feels federal OEO programs, for example, have helped the administrators ("blacks who dress like Superfly, drive federal cars, and pull down big salaries") much more than they helped the poor.

"I've never seen so many clannish black folks in my whole life. By clannish, I mean those who are light-skinned as opposed to being black. They all stick to their own little corners of the room. They do their thing and they forget that they came from across the track 20 years ago and made it uptown. They exclude the general run of the grass-roots people. The *Chronicle* is really very critical and a lot of people say, 'How can you criticize another black man?' Well, if you can't bring about change in the inner circle of black people, the leadership, you can't go downtown and make any changes, because the man downtown got that nigger in his pocket anyway."

French is no stranger to subtle and blatant forms of white racism and attacks it where he sees it. Before retiring from the Navy, he served as an information officer in Vietnam. As a volunteer for experiments in "riverine warfare," he frequently took wire service reporters and photographers into combat zones along rivers in the Mekong Delta.

"It was always a black man who had to take the point [the most dangerous position]. But the Viet Cong wouldn't shoot at a boat if they saw a black man in it. I've seen them let our boat slip by and blast the hell out of the boat behind us, with no blacks in it, with recoilless rifle fire."

As federal legislation has abolished the more blatant forms of white racism, the subtle forms of discrimination have become increasingly difficult to attack, as French is learning. Having achieved the symbolic goals of being allowed to sit, eat, buy, and play in places where other humans are permitted, blacks are demanding the right to work, to own, to borrow, and to control, as other humans do. In his capitalistic venture, French has found some difficulty in attracting advertising from the white community. To combat it, he has modeled his style after Jesse Jackson, the South Carolinian who has organized Chicago blacks to fight discrimination with their economic powers as consumers.

"I don't want them to advertise because I'm black. You advertise because you're going to get some kind of return on your investment. I say, 'Let me prove to you that we can be effective. Let me do a *bad* story on you free, let me give you some free publicity. And we got some stores here in town who know how it is if we give them some free publicity."

French is presently negotiating with several grocery stores which have a high percentage of black patronage but who refuse to take out more than what he considers token ads in his paper. He explained that one of the stores owns the printing company with which he does $1,500 a month business. He said if they don't give him a reasonable amount of advertising, "we'll get in front of their stores with 50 or 100 people. No black lady's going to cross that damn line. So it's going to cost them more in the end to do what's right—not what I want, but what's right: to re-route some of the goddamn money back into the black community."

French's commitment to education and communication between black people is an implicit example of his desire for change through the existing political system. One of the purposes of this communication is to organize blacks behind politicians who represent true black interests. "The black politician who has come to realize that for those who are trying to bring about social change, communication is our greatest problem. We have no way of espousing our views and our opinions to the masses of black people." And unlike many dealers in political power, French doesn't perceive the end of the intricate chain of political maneuvering as merely power, but as social change.

French's political practicality has led him to consider that classic Progressive dream of a coalition of poor and middle class blacks and whites as an alternative to the present major S. C. political parties. Though he recognizes such blacks as Hemphill Pride and Thomas Broadwater as individuals who are concerned with broad consumer issues which affect the poor and middle class citizen, he feels a figure with more national political stature might be more effective in such a coalition.

"You take a guy like [Tom] Turnipseed [George Wallace's campaign manager in 1968]. He can see where the grass roots people have just wandered off with no leadership in the front to guide them and you're talking about a hell of a lot of people. So if a guy like Turnipseed can stir up enough interest in what he's trying to do, and if it serves the interests of black people, I'm for the guy. If he's going to serve the needs of black people, I don't care a damn about his past philosophy, but 'What is he doing? Can he get the job done?'

"I think in this day and ago, I could picture Turnipseed running with Rep. Robert Woods (D-Charleston). Woods is a beautiful politician—no, not a politician, he's the kind of guy who doesn't give a damn about going back to the House next year. He has told some of those in the House who say, 'Don't get on this bandwagon or this particular issue. Stay away from that,' he says 'Go to hell. If I can't get out and help the people, what am I here for? If I get kicked in the ass in the process, well, that's the way it's going to be.' "

French's success has encouraged him to begin organizing black leaders across the state to start similar newspaper ventures in other cities: Columbia, Greenville, Florence, and Aiken. He believes the black community needs the press to circumvent the ward leaders and black and white politicians who would mislead the people in order to get power for themselves. His newspaper has so much influence in the low-country (where "blacks were starved for black news") that he claims to have turned down offers from politicians and businessmen to buy him out for cash, in sums exceeding $50,000.

"I'm liable to be burned down any day. But when I get threats, they don't bother me, because I think of Vietnam (where he turned down a Purple Heart) and say, 'I should have been dead anyway,' I didn't need to go out and make a living just to make a living, you know. I spent 20 years in the Navy so I got this check coming. I can pay the rent, I'm not going to starve. Money is not the criterion here. After 20 years in the Navy, I've built up an immunity to being bought. I don't need to bust my ass 18 hours a day putting an old rag newspaper out and not be satisfied that I'm serving the people."

Movies/Scarecrow

Even Ulysses Can't Go Home

"...making people laugh might be a reasonable alternative to battering down anything that stands in his path..."

by Gary Ligi

A mythology, as Joseph Campbell tells us in his many books, is somebody else's religion. A comparative study of the many stories the many religions on this planet have told to their followers soon leads us to Jung's arguments for the collective unconscious, and to the idea that, no matter how ambiguous, mythic symbols are the clearest ones we have. More importantly, the drive to create new myths or reinterpret the old ones is an immortal drive. Perhaps it is the only link we have with the gods. It is no wonder then that as the cumulative horror of living in the twentieth century is revealed to more and more people, the concern with myth has become almost obsessive. It is visible everywhere--in comix, prose, drama, poetry, and film.

In the past several years, American movie makers in particular have become increasingly more aware of the human need to understand human experience in mythic terms. Such dissimilar films as *2001*, *Easy Rider*, *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, *Vanishing Point*, and *Midnight Cowboy* have at least this much in common. Obviously, a concern with cosmic undertones is not enough to produce a classic art. Witness the recent flood of initiation stories that are more gut-wrenching American nostalgia than entertainment, the emotional dishonesty of *Love Story*, or the upside-down Christianity (Shelley Winters as the Virgin Mary?) of *The Poseidon Adventure*.

On the other hand, two of the most successful mythic studies have been lost to the public through terrible promotion campaigns--*Box Car Bertha* to that idiotic spread in *Playboy* and *Castle Keep* because whoever cut the coming attractions thought it was a war film. But now another pearl has been thrown our way. Written by Gary Michael White and directed by Jerry Schatzberg, *(Panic in Needle Park)*, *Scarecrow* is one of the best films of the decade.

The story is simple enough--Maxy Milliam, an ex-con and perennial fighter, meets Francis Lionel "Lion" "Scarecrow" DeBuque, a returned sailor and natural clown, while hitchhiking on a lonely road. They strike up a friendship, and Maxy offers Francis partnership in a car-wash he is planning to open in Pittsburgh, Pa. The film chronicles the development of their relationship as they head East, stopping in Denver to see one of Maxy's old friends, and in Detroit so Francis can see the wife he abandoned five years earlier and the child he has never seen, whose sex he doesn't even know.

Maxy slowly learns that making people laugh might be a reasonable alternative to battering down anything that stands in his path. After all, he is getting old. He won't be able to fight forever. This realization is joined to the realization that Maxy just doesn't want to go it alone anymore. He has become dependent on his lion - scarecrow. He can't make it alone. And he tells Francis as much in a bar when he refuses to finish a fight with a local and performs a strip-tease instead, leaving the entire establishment (and audience) doubled up with laughter.

The casting and acting are so good as to be uncomfortable. Coley, Frenchie, Riley, and Annie--all minor characters--are perfectly believable. Careful attention is paid even to the bit parts. And it's impossible to keep from falling in love with Maxy and Francis.

Gene Hackman is Maxy Milliam, the brawling, drinking, foul-mouthed, would-be entrepeneur, possessed by the American dream to own his own business. Trapped in a middle-aged body, Maxy has become obsessed with a need for order, and the first half of the film follows a pattern of initiation with Maxy setting out to teach Francis everything he needs to know about life. Hackman not only lets us see Maxy, but he lets us feel him from the inside out. We meet the people he knows, hear the plans he has made. We get to know him, and he is an okay guy.

Al Pacino's Francis DeBuque matches Hackman's performance in every way. Pacino shares the spotlight well and is the primary focus of the film, being both "Lion" (Maxy finds "Francis" and "Lionel" a bit hard for his mouth) and "The Scarecrow" (Francis tells us the crows don't bother a farmer's corn because the scarecrow makes them laugh). And it is Francis, finally, who initiates Maxy into everything he never knew about life. Francis, the comedian, is *Scarecrow*'s tragic figure, his tragic flaw being his inability to roll with the punches, to change with the world--ironically, his credo.

Director Schatzberg orchestrates his material eloquently. The tension between comedy, horror, order, and chaos is maintained throughout *Scarecrow*. The audience is frequently made aware of the comfortable ambiguity of everyday conversation. We, like the characters, don't know whether to laugh or be insulted or even afraid. The discussion in the bar during the farewell party, the prelude to Riley's assault on Francis, the scene at the fountain give us the feeling of being a participant in the action rather than an observer of it.

Schatzberg also has fantastic visual sense. The film abounds with little photographic touches that leave the eyes and brain reeling from the impact: quick-cut close-ups, zooms, pans, and even a dangerous shot of a sunset. The film has its flaws, of course, Much of them arise from an occasional heavy-handedness in the script writing, occasionally from trying too hard at a visual symbol--but all in all, the techniques at work here produce the desired effect.

I suppose a number of comparisons already have been made between *Scarecrow* and *Midnight Cowboy*, but it seems to me the success of this film lies in its focus on Francis, a character who combines all the appearance of humor of Ratso Rizzo with the naivete of Joe Buck. In other words, both of *Midnight Cowboy*'s major figures are here rolled into one young man who appears, at first, to have an ideal way of coping with the world. Maxy, the expected teacher, already the supposed old dog who can't be taught new tricks, becomes the student, the figure in which the tragedy of *Scarecrow* is experienced.

The mythical correlatives in *Scarecrow* are too obvious to be ignored and too numerous to mention. Francis has been away at sea, is returning after many years to his wife and son, is coming to the end of his journey. But in Francis are combined the forces of several stories. He is Francis, the gentle Saint, and "Lion," and Odysseus, and others. After his encounter with the terrifying lie told him by his supposed Penelope, his realization leaves him clinging to a stone lion in a fountain, screaming "I'm gonna fight. I'm gonna fight," but without the resources to cope with the situation. The film has gone complete cycle. Maxy, the character chided continually for being too stable, too unbending--has learned how to care, how to feel, or how to express the care and feeling always inside him. The teacher is broken.

And what the film may be saying is an uncomfortable thought at best: that the ability to bring people together, to make them laugh and enjoy one another, to make them care for one another regardless of locale, religion, race, etc., is carried in very few individuals, is not taught but rather transferred through a painful process of transmigration, leaving the original host a vegetable or dead, and the new host another ineffectual scarecrow, discovering he just can't make it alone.

This is a great motion picture. Don't miss it. Go back and see it again.

The wait is over!
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Living

Down in the Dirt

"You'll notice a little swagger in the drivers. He's not like Joe Namath . . . but the local people know him."

By Jon Buchan

Inside the blue metal frame building that is Sinclair's Alignment Shop, located just outside Fort Mill, S.C., five men squat around the red Mustang, watching its owner tune it, and avoiding the dark spots on the cement floor where the sand has not yet soaked up the spilled oil. It has rained on and off most of this Saturday afternoon, and there is a good chance the race at the dirt track in Lancaster will be called off for the fourth week in a row. At five o'clock, the track officials will decide if the track is dry enough, so the men sit and talk quietly, as people do when watching the rain, and wait for the word.

Pop Sumner, a tall, big-bellied man of about 60, wanders in dressed in dark green work clothes. He takes half of a wet, filterless cigarette from his lips, sips his Coke, spits decisively, nods at the car, then at the men. "Y'all holdin' an inquest over this thing? Ain't gone be no race tonight, 'less you got a boat."

This is dirt track country. In some ways it's not too far away from the big name asphalt-paved tracks of Darlington, Charlotte, and Martinsville or from the origins of the big name drivers with big money backing, like Petty, Pearson, and Yarborough. It is a long way--a generation anyway--from the farmers and mountain people who used to soup up their cars to run their untaxed liquid cash crops past the more vigilant officers of the law, then bring them down to the track to run on Saturday and Sunday.

There is something that draws these people--from Fort Mill, Great Falls, Monroe, Lancaster, Waxhaw, Derita, and hundreds of other small towns across the Southeast to the dirt tracks. Dirt track racing doesn't offer the rich purses that asphalt racing often does: a typical dirt track purse is $500 for a first place win in the top class, with about 35 per cent usually allotted to the driver. Nor does it offer the fame--or notoriety--of these increasingly smooth (but no longer slick) big time racers who adorn the pages of Sports Illustrated and the Vitalis commercials and who bring home six-figure checks.

The drivers and mechanics work regular jobs--at the textile plant, the body shop, or the tire recapping center, not at the bank or "the office". On weeknights, when the rest of the world is watching the evening news and Every Night at the Movies, they are "at the shop" working on their cars, battering the body back into shape for Friday and Saturday, carefully tuning the engine, readying it for the stress of 50 flat-out laps each night.

Inside the small wooden garage behind Larry Smith's home--not far down the road from the alignment shop--is a yellow 1967 Camaro (a total value of $6,000) stripped and rebuilt for strength, durability, and power. Yes, and safety. The doors of the auto, which is bruised from countless races, are welded shut. The interior is empty except for a tiny driver's seat ("the same kind David Pearson uses"), a fire extinguisher, a roll bar, a gear shift, and an asbestos floor covering to keep the driver's shoe from melting in the 130 degree heat of the auto.

Larry and his two co-owners, Ell Close and Cyrus Sumner, are making last minute adjustments for tonight's race in Lancaster. Younger boys--black and white--lurk near the mechanics, eager to help in any way, jumping for wrenches and rags, trying to be a part of the team. The conversation flows as freely as the Budweiser as the men explain why they prefer dirt track racing to asphalt racing.

Cyrus is the self-proclaimed philosopher of the group and some of the others kid him for talking so much about racing. He deserves to talk: he has worked more than 1,000 hours on this auto in his spare time in the past eight months.

"It ruins my goddamn week if I don't get to race. It feels like something's left out. I just feel more comfortable at the race track than I do at the Coliseum watching a professional basketball game. Most well-moneyed people--your well-educated people--they don't dig racing. You couldn't be completely ignorant of automobiles and still enjoy racing."

A sometimes helper named Tony thinks this over and decides to add, "I don't much like asphalt racing. It just ain't as exciting as dirt tracks. Asphalt--shit--all you see is cars going around and around the track. On the dirt, you see some good driving."

The element of dirt track racing which pulls crowds and crews to their feet is the

poor traction of the cars as they round the turns. When a car hits a turn at a track like Lancaster Speedway, the auto's rear begins to slide at a sharp angle toward the high part of the bank. The driver lets it slide, controls it, lets it face him into the straightway as he finishes the turn. When three cars hit a turn at once, the tension is high, as each scrambles for traction and the favored spot in the groove, occasionally spinning out completely. Unlike asphalt racing, dirt racing permits physical contact between cars and no driver is adverse to nudging a slower car in front of him which refuses him room to pass.

There are three classes of racing on dirt tracks: Rookie, Modified, and Sportsman, the latter the most advanced, the fastest and the most challenging. Their engines can measure up to 292 cubic inches and there are other technical requirements. Occasionally, however, a crafty and particularly hungry mechanic will build his engine a little outside the regulations. If suspected by his competing drivers of doing so, he can be challenged. Both sides then put up a sum of a couple of hundred dollars and the alleged offender tears down his engine for inspection. If his engine passes, he pockets the prize money and the challenge purse and goes home smiling. There have been cases where a driver who won too handily took his prize money, loaded his car and left hastily before the challenge could get started.

At seven o'clock Saturday night, the cars begin to gather at the Lancaster Speedway. From North and South Carolina, the same cars that race on Friday nights at Monroe come to Lancaster, pulled on trailers, their beat-up shells belying the precision of their engines. Spectators begin to wander in. There will always be some who come for the blood and the fiery crashes, but they do not seem to be in the majority. The thousand or so spectators, who have come at $4 each to cheer for their friends, their boyfriends, their cousins, their brothers, and their husbands with just the same enthusiasm that others cheer their friends' horses at the Camden Cup, gravitate to the infield or the wooden bleachers.

Those in pickup trucks set up folding chairs in the trucks and break out picnic suppers and beer. Country music begins to tumble scratchily from the amplifiers, with all the clarity of a small city bus station announcement. The rumor is out that the red Monte Carlo in the pit area is the same car used in the recent movie "The Last American Hero," based closely on the career of Junior Johnson. Groups of men wander into the pit area (No Women Or Children Allowed) to take a look at the Monte Carlo and talk with friends who are running tonight.

The mechanics and crews--who have to pay the $4 ticket fee also--have made their test runs and are re-adjusting the cars to tonight's particular conditions. The drivers walk around and talk with each other, having little to do with the preparation of the cars. They show up on Friday and Saturday, take the car, drive it like hell, give it back, take their share of the winnings, if any, and go home.

The Sportsman models complete their power slides, steering away from their desired direction as though on ice, spraying sheets of damp red clay across the track, jockeying for position in the groove for the 125 m.p.h. sprint down the straightway. Wayne Smith, driving Number 5, is forced high against the rail by Number 25, and as he tries to move back down the bank, he miscalculates and ricochets off the bumper of 25.

Suddenly his car is floating, underside facing the infield, above the painful noise of the race, across the guard rail and into the trees. It is the worst accident of the season and despite the not-too-convincing pleas of the announcer, scores of men, women, and children rush onto the track to see what has happened. The driver walks away dazed and reclines onto the stretcher.

Five minutes later, the announcer with no change at all in his boisterous tone, is explaining to those who didn't get a close look at the action: "They took him to the hospital just to check him out. He was talking, laughing, cutting up, you know how these fools, I mean boys, are."

Uninitiated observers have always noted something peculiarly American about automobile racing. The complete atmosphere reinforces the basic American creed of the working man in complete control of his machines, almost a part of them as he sticks his hand into the exploding engine and makes calm, minute adjustments, then sends it defiantly around sharp turns and hurtling down straightways. It is also a chance for the man who spends much of his time on the job responding to the demands of machines to re-assert his intended mastery over them. Dirt track racing doesn't offer the big money or the big fame, but it offers enough of all these things to draw a loyal crowd of participants and spectators back in rural Carolina.

Cyrus, the philosopher, perhaps, explained it all. "You have a sort of hero identity. Take Jimmy (Trull, driver of Cyrus' car). He becomes quite a celebrity in his own group. He's not like Joe Namath or Wilt Chamberlain, but the local people know him. You'll notice a little swagger in the drivers. You can tell them from the crew men. When you see the winner, you'll see a crowd around his car, admirers and well-wishers--like after a Broadway show. It might not be the same thing as going backstage, but it's sure as hell as exciting."

(From page 13)

PITTSBURGH, PA.

I used to live in Pittsburgh, but not anymore
We moved. I remember it was a very big
city with streetcars and taxis very hard
to get.
I wonder why we moved. It seems strange
to think of the one-way streets and the kids
playing in the summer showers.
Then one day a family moved next door.
I remember thinking how strange they were.
Of course I was too little to understand
that they were my brothers, only a different color.
My parents were acting strange too.
I used to live in Pittsburgh.
I wonder why we moved?

Rebecca Timms
10th Grade
Hartsville H.S.

Collaborative poems on such topics as "2073," "My Dreams," and "A Bestiary" produced lines of grim humor combined with a desperation that sometimes howled and sometimes was resigned. These children saw no future to speak of. Many of them did not expect their own lives to end naturally. They didn't expect any life at all to exist beyond the year 2000. Their dreams were continually of violence, their imaginary creatures described in painfully minute detail, and yet they were placed in the occupations of their parents and living in homes frighteningly like their own.

And this seems to be pretty much the case throughout the country. In *The Whole Word Catalogue* (a special edition of the teachers and writers collaborative newsletter), there is page after page of the kind of terminal vision we expect from bitter old men. *The New Janitor's Nose* contains a lot of the same. Poetry is an intricate art form. It reveals more than it says. There are many cute, funny, kinds of things we have always expected from children. "Expected" because of the role we had forced them to play. Here and there, however, there are painful bursts of insight and wisdom, a sense of loneliness many of us once believed comes only with age.

I AM A PENCIL

My name is Cathren.
I eat paper.
I sleep at the top of my owner's bed.
I ride with him to school.
I write for him at school.
I tell him answers.
But today I am sick,
so he kisses me by,
And takes my sister Patricia.

Theresa Branham
Bishopville Middle School

I have found these expressions of despondency, insecurity, and alienation have become general throughout the United States. The Poets-In-The-Schools Programs are allowing us to get inside the puzzling minds of children and see the future through their beautiful eyes. More importantly, these children are helping us to cope with the present. Our public school systems have been under attack for some time now. Educators and theoreticians have argued that our systems, for the most part, have been set up to produce manageably mediocre graduates who will respond favorably to our material culture, almost completely ignoring the inner person. A visiting poet has the advantage of being a novelty, a person to whom the student owes nothing. His grades will not be governed by what he happens to say to this week's stranger. He has an opportunity to open up, to pour forth the secrets of his youth, to inform the other world.

ALONE

The other day I got a D
instead of an A;
I wrecked one of OUR cars
into the other one, twice;
I worked and lost the
ballgame;
I dreamed of killing my brother
with a rifle;
And when I found myself
Searching through the
treetops. I believed
I could make
it.

Mike Boggs
12th Grade
D.W. Daniel H.S.

That our existing systems need modification is evident in the university programs. In Arkansas next year, for example, the University is scheduling 18 sections of remedial English for incoming freshmen. Since the regular sections amount to a remedial program, this represents an entering body of nearly 600 students who can neither read or write well enough to perform the simplest of verbal tasks--filling out application forms, writing appeals to their congressmen, whatever. And it appears it is going to get worse instead of better. I noticed very few hands raised in response to such questions as "How many of you read for your own enjoyment?" and "How many read more than four books a year." On the other hand, response was overwhelming among the very young to the query: "How many of you watch TV more than four hours a day?" This indicates that nearly ninety per cent of some children's waking hours when not in the classroom are spent in front of a tube. What has happened to us?

How do we teach a child to read? I learned to plagiarize before anything else. How can a teacher expect a second-grader to go home and write a paragraph on Bolivia? In my English classes I studied grammar books for my first nine years of schooling. After nine years of participles, gerunds, adverbial clauses, and subordinating conjunctions, I was finally ready for the task I had been prepared for. The task? To read poetry and prose written out of an entirely different grammatical system, written about a different age, in a different country, about things that didn't mean much to me at all. In my junior year modern literature class, we came as far as Wordsworth. The education was a complete failure.

Whereas I had read avidly as a child books about dinosaurs and devils, science-fiction, mysteries, and fair to good contemporary novels, by the time I finished high school I had no desire to read anything. By the time I entered college, I was asking the same question many students I taught asked me: "Why should we read this stuff? Will it help me get a job?" I actually read Caldwell's *Tobacco Road* somewhere between eight and ten and did a book report on it which led to a talk with the principal, a bad grade in English, and a letter to my parents warning them of their son's poor reading habits.

DESK

All the boredom of every student
Day after Day
Thoughts, desires, memories are
scribbled on the face
Insides crammed with everything
imaginable
Legs loose from endless rocking

Sandra Hodge
10th Grade
Sumter H.S.

What are we to learn from all this? They are only children. They will grow up and become respectable members of the community. The world will go on. Will it? Every year our country grows more violent. Every year a new record is established for the littlest junkie, the littlest suicide, the littlest murderer. Why can't we listen to them, learn from them, treat them like human beings with all the rights and privileges we ascribe to human beings?

HEART POEM

I felt a beating heart and
it felt like a clock in
a soft pillow.

Leroy Thompson
Grade 2
Brockman School

It is good the children are speaking their minds, no matter how dismal some of the things they have to say are. It's time we begin to accept these younger perceptions. We have drawn one fine cliche' from all of Wordsworth: the child is the father of the man. What kind of men will we see from these children?

CEZANNE: "STILL LIFE"

The turnips, a bloody red,
Have stained the white cloth
making it appear as a sheet
Over a corpse of a soldier killed in battle.
The wine bottle presides over the mantlepiece
As Death does over us.

Becky Whitesides
Sumter H.S.

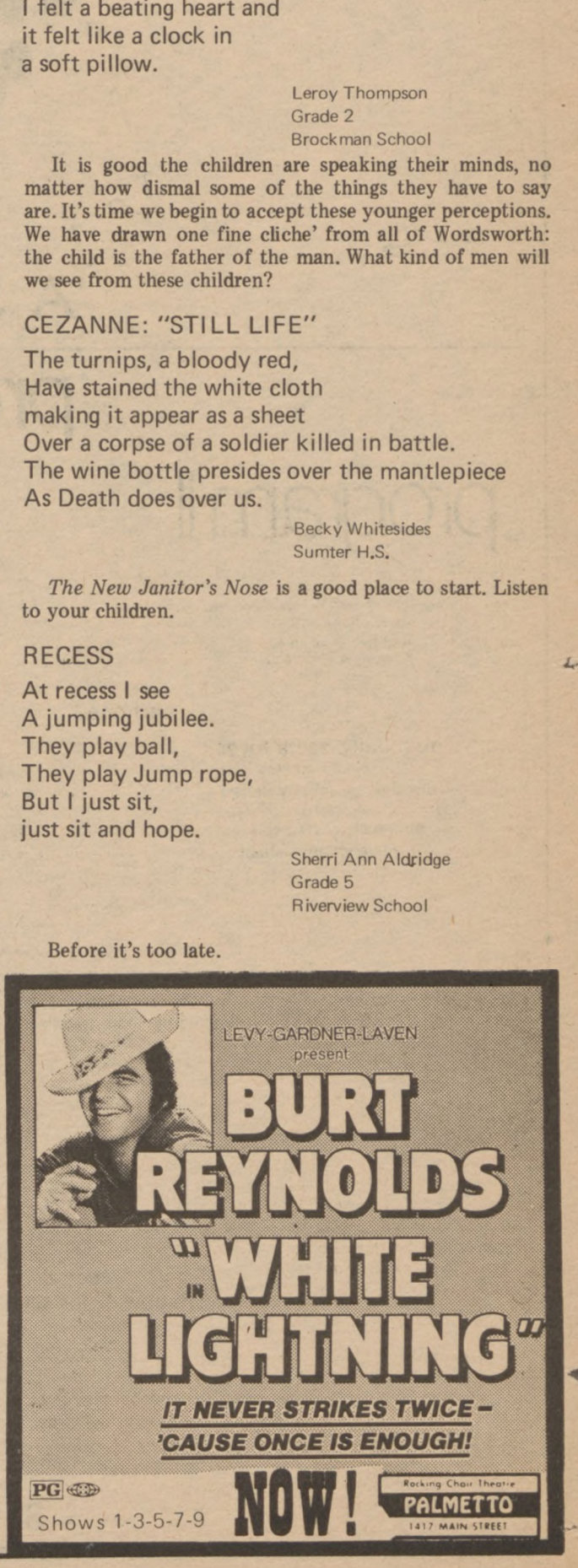
The New Janitor's Nose is a good place to start. Listen to your children.

RECESS

At recess I see
A jumping jubilee.
They play ball,
They play Jump rope,
But I just sit,
just sit and hope.

Sherri Ann Aldridge
Grade 5
Riverview School

Before it's too late.



Workshop Theatre

Presents
'A Summer For Everyone'

program I

june 29 - july 3, july 20 - july 24, august 10 - august 14

by special arrangement with samuel french and dramatist play service
(there will be two ten minute intervals)
stage manager: clyde ellisor
house manager: cathy cobb

part one

"mrs. dally has a lover"
by william hanley
directed by: johnny dehart
cast
mrs. dally: myrna rodriguez
frankie: charles shain

"postcards"
by james prideaux
directed by: johnny dehart
cast
margaret: sandy dillard
leonard: joe dillard

part two

"the loveliest afternoon of the year"
by john guare
directed by: john whitehead
cast
terrell green
terri mol

part three

"in the shadow of the glen"
by j. m. synge
directed by: malie bruton
scene: the last cottage at the head of a long glen in county wicklow
cast
daniel burke, a farmer and herder: joe dillard
nora burke, his wife: cynthia gilliam
a tramp: bill mould
michael dara: john marion

program II

"toad of toad hall"
directed by: betty hudgens
june 22 - june 26
july 13 - july 17
august 3 - august 7

program III

july 6 - july 10, july 27 - july 31, august 17 - august 21

by special arrangement with samuel french and dramatist play service
(there will be two ten minute intervals)
stage manager: lisa putman
assistant stage managers: becky wrenn and paula kahn
house manager: randy hardiman

part one

"a day for surprises"
by john guare
directed by: jim thigpen
scene: the pasting room of a large library.
cast
a, a woman: kay mckenzie
b, a man: peter syrett

"next"
by terence mcnally
directed by: jim thigpen
cast
marion cheever: don steele
sergeant thech: amanda graham

part two

"not enough rope"
by elaine may
directed by: ann dreher brailsford
scene: one floor of a rooming house.
cast
edith friedlander: sally thigpen
claude: john todd
mrs. pierce: paula kahn

"birdbath"
by leonard melfi
directed by: ann dreher brailsford
scene: a midtown New York City cafeteria, the streets outside, and frankie's basement apartment.
cast
frankie basta: steve bordner
velma sparrow: meredith pogue

part three

"the indian wants the bronx"
by israel horowitz
directed by: jim thigpen
scene: a bus stop on upper fifth avenue in new york city
cast
gupta, an east indian: piara singh
joey: hank wilson
murph: charles barber

Box office open from noon to curtain.